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AND

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Precepts of Jesus the Guide to Peace and Happiness, &c.: to which are added, the First, Second, and Final Appeal to the Christian Public, in Reply to the Observations of Dr. Marshman, of Serampore. By Rammohun Roy. Printed at Calcutta. Reprinted in London, and forming Vol. VIII. of Unitarian Tracts.

This volume is quite out of print.

Its remarkable author is now in London, engaged on high political, moral, and useful objects, which are likely to have much influence on the future condition of our vast Indian empire. He is himself, consequently, a person of great public interest, and in communication with many of the leading characters of the age.

The visit of a Brahmin, of a superior caste, to England, is itself a rare, almost a unique occurrence; and when we find that he is also a profound scholar—that he is a convert to Protestantism—that he has written and published an account of his proselytism, stated and maintained his opinions, and is directing his views with great activity and force to their diffusion over the Hind and Mahometan world—it must, we think, be acknowledged, that, without breaking through our rule of taking no part in religious controversy, we are rendering an acceptable service to readers, to the country at large, to literature, and to true religion, in bringing forward an historical notice of this distinguished individual and his works.

In order to do so more strikingly, we have caused his portrait, and a fac-simile of his handwriting, to be copied for this paper. Having had the pleasure of being introduced to, and conversing with him, we can also vouch for his general acquaintance with the best class of English learning, and the facility with which he expresses himself in our language. His countenance is dark; the eye, as in most Asiatics, very fine; his notions of many subjects, to a European understanding in particular, singularly new and interesting.

Rammohun Roy, like Joanna Baillie,* is a Unitarian, but differing on one essential point from the doctrines of that sect.† He “was born about the year 1780, at Bordouan, in the province of Bengal. The first elements of his education he received under his paternal roof, where he also acquired a knowledge of the Persian language. He was afterwards sent to

Patna to learn Arabic; and here, through the medium of Arabic translations of Aristotle and Euclid, he studied logic and the mathematics. When he had completed these studies he went to Calcutta, to learn Sanscrit, the sacred language of the Hindoo Scriptures; the knowledge of which was indispensable [not entirely—Ed. L. G.] to his caste and profession as a Brahmin. About the year 1804 or 1805 he became possessed, by the death of his father and of an elder and younger brother, of the whole of the family property, which is understood to have been very considerable. He now quitted Bordouan, and fixed his residence at Mourshehabad, where his ancestors had chiefly lived. Shortly after his settlement at this place he commenced his literary career, by the publication of a work in the Persian language, with a preface in Arabic, which he intitled, ‘Against the Idolatry of all Religions.’ The freedom with which he animadverted on their respective systems gave great umbrage both to the Mahomedans and the Hindoos, and created him so many enemies, that he found it necessary to remove to Calcutta, where he again took up his residence in the year 1814. Two years previously to this period, he had begun to study the English language; but he did not then apply to it with much ardour or success. Being some years subsequently appointed Dewan, or chief native officer in the collection of the revenues, and the duties of his office affording him frequent opportunities of mixing with English society, and of reading English documents, he applied to it with increased attention, and very soon qualified himself to speak and write it with considerable facility, correctness, and elegance. He afterwards studied the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages: of his proficiency in the two last of these he has given very decisive evidence in the tracts which are here published. From his first work, ‘Against the Idolatry of all Nations,’ it is evident that he had been led at an early period of life to regard with disapprobation the monstrous and debasing system of idolatry which was embraced by his countrymen. A careful study of the sacred writings of the Hindoos had also convinced him that the prevailing notions respecting the multiplicity of deities, and the superstitious devotion to the licentious and inhuman customs connected with them, were grounded upon an utter ignorance or gross perversion of their religion. These original records appeared to him to inculcate a system of pure theism, which maintained the existence of one sole God, infinite in his perfections, and eternal in his duration; and that it required from its professors a mental rather than a corporeal worship, accompanied by strict and exemplary virtue. Having embraced these views of the Hindoo theology and morals, he became anxious to reform the creed and practice of his countrymen, and determined to devote his talents and his fortune to this important and honourable undertaking.”

Thus says the preface; and it goes on to mention his publications touching the *Veds*, which

comprise the body of Hindoo theology; but the consideration of which does not come within the scope of this article. Deeply impressed with the conviction, that his countrymen were capable of better things than idolatry, accompanied by self-destruction and the immolation of their nearest relations, he produced, as he tells us, genuine translations of such parts of the Scriptures as inculcate not only the enlightened worship of one God, but the purest principles of morality, together with notices addressed against the arguments of Brahmins in defence of their system. These are extracted from the books of the New Testament, ascribed to the four Evangelists, and make the first publication above enumerated; the succeeding appeals being answers to the strictures which they first provoked from the pen of Dr. Marshman.

It appears that the doctrine of the Trinity is deemed by Rammohun Roy to be a species of polytheism, not “quite as objectionable” as the Unitarian writer of the preface, page xiii., states, “as the polytheism of the Hindoos”—but still, though much purified, not only objectionable, but calculated to prevent the adoption of what he considered to be a better Christian faith by the natives of Hindostan.

In his introduction to “the Precepts,” Rammohun Roy gives the following reasons for confining himself chiefly to the moral precepts of the Evangelists.

“Voluminous works, written by learned men of particular sects, for the purpose of establishing the truth, consistency, rationality, and priority of their own peculiar doctrines, contain such a variety of arguments, that I cannot hope to be able to adduce here any new reasonings of sufficient novelty and force to attract the notice of my readers. Besides, in matters of religion particularly, men in general, through prejudice and partiality to the opinions which they once form, pay little or no attention to opposite sentiments (however reasonable they may be), and often turn a deaf ear to what is most consistent with the laws of nature, and conformable to the dictates of human reason and divine revelation. At the same time, to those who are not biassed by prejudice, and who are, by the grace of God, open to conviction, a simple enumeration and statement of the respective tenets of different sects may be a sufficient guide to direct their inquiries in ascertaining which of them is the most consistent with the sacred traditions, and most acceptable to common sense. For those reasons I decline entering into any discussion on those points, and confine my attention at present to the task of laying before my fellow-creatures the words of Christ, with a translation from the English into Sungskrit and the language of Bengal. I feel persuaded that by separating from the other matters contained in the New Testament the moral precepts found in that book, these will be more likely to produce the desirable effect of improving the hearts and minds of men of different persuasions and degrees of understanding. For historical and some other

* We profess to not being strictly acquainted with the varieties of sectarian differences, nor their nice limits; the annexed note, no doubt, sets us right; and we know, from the MS., it is of very high authority. We, of course, insert it with pleasure.—Ed. L. G.

† A constant reader of the *Literary Gazette* requests the Editor to correct a misstatement in page 343 of the last Number. Joanna Baillie is not an Unitarian. She expressly disclaims their doctrines (in p. 129 of her Tracts), as at variance with so many plain passages of Scripture, that it cannot be considered as standing on any solid foundation. “She is an Arian of Dr. Clarke’s school.”

† The Unitarians in England hold “the proper humanity of Christ” as one of their fundamental tenets; Rammohun Roy, on the contrary, maintains his “pre-existence and super-angelic rank and dignity.”

passages are liable to the doubts and disputes of free-thinkers and anti-Christians, especially miraculous relations, which are much less wonderful than the fabricated tales handed down to the natives of Asia, and consequently would be apt at best to carry little weight with them. On the contrary, moral doctrines, tending evidently to the maintenance of the peace and harmony of mankind at large, are beyond the reach of metaphysical perversion, and intelligible alike to the learned and to the unlearned. This simple code of religion and morality is so admirably calculated to elevate men's ideas to high and liberal notions of one God, who has equally subjected all living creatures, without distinction of cast, rank, or wealth, to change, disappointment, pain, and death, and has equally admitted all to be partakers of the bountiful mercies which he has lavished over nature, and is also so well fitted to regulate the conduct of the human race in the discharge of their various duties to God, to themselves, and to society, that I cannot but hope the best effects from its promulgation in the present form."

Nearly a hundred pages are devoted to the extracts so introduced; and this pamphlet, as we have observed, attracted the attention, and challenged the animadversions, of Dr. Marshman, in a periodical called the *Friend of India*. To these Rammohun replied; and we ought here to observe, that, not having Dr. M.'s remarks before us, but only such passages as are quoted by his adversary for the purpose of refutation, our notice must of necessity be *ex parte*; though it is but fair at the same time to acknowledge, that we never in any controversy met with more evident signs of a spirit imbued with a love of truth for the sake of truth, or altogether more liberal and candid, than in the learned orientalist in question. The Christian Dr. M. manfully upholds the Trinitarian faith, and contends that Rammohun Roy's system of morals would be most inefficient in teaching men either their duties to their fellow-creatures, or to their Creator: the Hindoo convert, on the other hand, is all for good works, and denies that faith in what is incomprehensible is necessary. "What," he argues, "are those sayings, the obedience to which is so absolutely commanded as indispensable and all-sufficient to those who desire to inherit eternal life? They are no other than the blessed and benign moral doctrines taught in the sermon on the mount (contained in the 5th, 6th, and 7th chapters of Matthew), which include, therefore, every duty of man, and all that is necessary to salvation; and they expressly exclude mere profession or belief, from those circumstances which God graciously admits as giving a title to eternal happiness. Neither in this, nor in any other part of the New Testament, can we find a commandment similarly enjoining a knowledge of any of the mysteries or historical relations contained in those books. It is, besides, plainly stated, that but a very small portion of the works of Jesus have been handed down to us by the Evangelists. John says, at the conclusion of his gospel, ch. xxi. ver. 25, 'There are also many other things which Jesus did, the which if they should be written every one, I suppose the world itself could not contain the books that should be written.' On the other hand, we cannot doubt that the whole spirit of his doctrines has been faithfully and fully recorded. The reason of this appears obvious:—miracles must have had a powerful effect on the minds of those who witnessed them, and who, without some such evidence, were disposed to ques-

tion the authority of the teacher of those doctrines. John, ch. xv. ver. 23: 'The works that I do in my Father's name, they bear witness of me.' Ver. 37 and 38: 'If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not. But if I do, though ye believe not me, believe the works.' Had his doctrines of themselves made their due impression, the aid of miracles would not have been requisite, nor had recourse to. In this country, the bare report of such miracles could have given no support to the weight of the doctrines; for, as the compiler has stated in his introduction, miracles infinitely more wonderful are related of their gods and saints, on authorities that the Hindoos must deem superior to those of the apostles. We are taught by revelation, as well as education, to ascribe to the Deity the perfection of those attributes which are esteemed excellent amongst mankind. And according to those ideas it must surely appear more consistent with the justice of the Sovereign Ruler, that he should admit to mercy those of his subjects who, acknowledging his authority, have endeavoured to obey his laws, or shewn contrition when they have fallen short of their duty and love, than that he should select for favour those whose claims rest on having acquired particular ideas of his nature, and of the origin of his Son, and of what afflictions that Son may have suffered in behalf of his people. If the reviewer and editor will continue to resist both authority and common sense, I must be content to take leave of them with the following words (Luke, ch. xviii.): 'And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.'"

It is a lamentable thing to think how far the conduct in life of both Trinitarians and Unitarians is from squaring with their professions; how strong a case they put into the mouths of the enemies of all religion, by the contrast between their actions and doctrines! Look around and see the miserable hardness of heart practised by the disciples of a gospel of love; look at the rascality and selfishness of those who make a display of their piety, and pretend to do as they would be done by. What fills our prisons with guilt and wretchedness? what dooms the mass of the lower orders to poverty, suffering, and starvation? in thousands of instances the relentless persecution of Christian creditors, the inhuman indulgences of pampered wealth, which yet scrupulously observes the Sabbath, and subscribes to the creed of charity! It is monstrous; but so common, that mankind have ceased to wonder at it. Is it surprising, then, that a Brahmin should be prone to reject those claimants to a superior faith, whose lives are only the more inconsistent the higher those claims are advanced?

"Besides (he adds, and it is a picture of missionary proceedings which well merits consideration), the compiler (i.e. Rammohun Roy), residing in the same spot where European missionary gentlemen and others for a period of upwards of twenty years have been, with a view to promote Christianity, distributing in vain amongst the natives numberless copies of the complete Bible, written in different languages, could not be altogether ignorant of the causes of their disappointment. He, however, never doubted their zeal for the promulgation of Christianity, nor the accuracy of their statement with regard to immense sums of money being annually expended in preparing vast numbers of copies of the Scriptures: but he has seen with regret, that they have com-

pletely counteracted their own benevolent efforts, by introducing all the dogmas and mysteries taught in Christian churches to people by no means prepared to receive them; and that they have been so incautious and inconsiderate in their attempts to enlighten the natives of India, as to address their instructions to them in the same way as if they were reasoning with persons brought up in a Christian country, with those dogmatical notions imbibed from their infancy. The consequence has been, that the natives in general, instead of benefiting by the perusal of the Bible, copies of which they always receive gratuitously, exchange them very often for blank paper, and generally use several of the dogmatical terms in their native language as a mark of slight in an irreverent manner; the mention of which is repugnant to my feelings. Sabat, an eminently learned, but grossly unprincipled Arab, whom our divines supposed that they had converted to Christianity, and whom they of course instructed in all the dogmas and doctrines, wrote a few years ago a treatise in Arabic against those very dogmas, and printed himself and published several hundred copies of this work. And another Moosulman, of the name of Ena'et Ahmud, a man of respectable family, who is still alive, speedily returned to Mohumudanism from Christianity, pleading that he had not been able to reconcile to his understanding certain dogmas which were imparted to him. It has been owing to their beginning with the introduction of mysterious dogmas, and of relations that at first sight appear incredible, that, notwithstanding every exertion on the part of our divines, I am not aware that we can find a single respectable Moosulman or Hindoo, who were not in want of the common comforts of life, once glorified with the truth of Christianity, constantly adhering to it. Of the few hundred natives who have been nominally converted to Christianity, and who have been generally of the most ignorant class, there is ground to suspect that the greater number have been allured to change their faith by other attractions than by a conviction of the truth and reasonableness of those dogmas; as we find nearly all of them are employed or fed by their spiritual teachers, and in case of neglect are apt to manifest a rebellious spirit:—a circumstance which is well known to the compiler from several local facts, as well as from the following occurrence:—About three years ago, the compiler, on his visit to an English gentleman, who is still residing in the vicinity of Calcutta, saw a great number of Christian converts with a petition, which they intended to present to the highest ecclesiastical authority, stating, that their teachers, through false promises of advancement, had induced them to give up their ancient religion. The compiler felt indignant at their presumption, and suggested to the gentleman, as a friend, the propriety of not countenancing a set of men, who, from their own declaration, seemed so unprincipled. The missionaries themselves are as well aware as the compiler, that those very dogmas are the points which the people always select as the most proper for attack, both in their oral and written controversies with Christian teachers; all of which, if required, the compiler is prepared to prove by the most unquestionable testimony. Under these circumstances, the compiler published such sayings of Christ as he thought intelligible to all, conveying conviction with them, and best calculated to lead mankind to universal love and harmony; not dwelling upon those matters, an observance of which is not absolutely or-

dained, and the interpretations of which, instead of introducing peace and happiness, have generally given rise to disputes and controversies."

We must again explicitly guard ourselves against being supposed to espouse any side in the argument we are illustrating: *first*, we could not do so fairly, as we have only one of the reasoners before us; *secondly*, there are, no doubt, far more competent men to reply to him among the learned and pious of our church, than any answer to which his opinions have yet been exposed; and, *thirdly*, we are ourselves utterly incompetent to the task. Nor, we trust, shall we be called a partisan, because we have lent our widely diffused Journal to disseminate the knowledge of this controversy; the subject is of the deepest importance; and, as the author is revising his works for publication in London, they must immediately demand the anxious vindication of our church from some of its brightest ornaments.

That the omnipresent God, who is the only proper object of religious veneration, is one and undivided in person, is too ably maintained by Rammohun Roy to admit of any possibility but that his tenets will create a very great sensation in the Christian world; it is on this ground that we humbly pioneer the way, and lay before it his leading principles. We shall now, therefore, conclude with a few extracts, merely indicating what they are. The following throws (at least, to us) a new light upon the religion of Mahomet:

Dr. M. had asked—"Did Mohummed, arrogant as he was, ever make such a declaration as Jesus did—namely, that 'I am with you always, even to the end of the world?' I will not (replies his opponent) renew the subject, as it has been already discussed in examining the first position. I only intreat the attention of the editor to the following assertions of Mohummed, known to almost all Moosulmans who have the least knowledge of

their own religion: **ان الله عز وجل بعثي رحمة وهدى للعالمين** 'Truly the great and glorious God raised me as *mercy and guidance to worlds.*' **كنت اول النبيين** 'I was the first of all prophets in creation, and the last in appearance.' **كنت نبيا وادم في الماء** 'I was a prophet when Adam was in earth and water.' **انا سيد المرسلين ولا** 'I am the Lord of those that were sent by God. This is no boast to me.' **انما**

My shadow is on **من راني** 'He who has seen me has seen God.' **فقد را الله** 'He who has seen me has seen God.' **من اطاعني فقد اطاع الله ومن** 'He who has obeyed me, has obeyed God; and he who has sinned against me, has sinned against God.' It is, however, fortunate for Moosulmans, that, from want of intimate familiarity and intimate connexion between the primitive Mohummedans and their contemporary heathens, the

doctrines of Monotheism taught by Mohummed, and entertained by his followers, have not been corrupted by polytheistical notions of Pagans, nor have heathen modes of worship or festivals been introduced among Moosulmans of Arabia and Turkey as a part of their religion. Besides, metaphorical expressions having been very common among oriental nations, Mohummedans could not fail to understand them in their proper sense, although these expressions may throw great difficulty in the way of an European commentator even of profound learning."

The reasoning upon miracles is interesting, as expounding several Hindoo articles of belief.

"As this discussion (says the writer) applies to the evidence of miracles generally, it may be worth considering. Arguments adduced by the editor amount to this: 'If all social, political, mercantile, and judicial transactions be allowed to rest upon testimony; why should not the validity of Christian miracles be concluded from the testimony of the apostles and of others, and be relied upon by all the nations of the world?' The editor must be well aware that the enemies to revelation draw a line of distinction on the subject of proofs by testimony, between the current events of nature familiar to the senses of mankind, and within the scope of human exertions; and extraordinary facts beyond the limits of common experience, and ascribed to a direct interposition of Divine power suspending the usual course of nature. If all assertions were to be indiscriminately admitted as facts, merely because they are testified by numbers, how can we dispute the truth of those miracles which are said to have been performed by persons esteemed holy amongst natives of this country? The compiler has never placed the miracles related in the New Testament on a footing with the extravagant tales of his countrymen, but distinctly expressed his persuasion that they (Christian miracles) would be apt at best to carry little weight with those whose imaginations had been accustomed to dwell on narrations much more wonderful, and supported by testimony which they have been taught to regard with a reverence that they cannot be expected all at once to bestow on the apostles. The very same line of argument, indeed, pursued by the editor would equally avail the Hindoos. Have they not accounts and records handed down to them relating to the wonderful miracles stated to have been performed by their saints, such as Ugustya, Vushista, and Gotum; and their gods incarnate, such as Ram, Krishnu, and Nursingh; in presence of their contemporary friends and enemies, the wise and the ignorant, the select and the multitude? Could not the Hindoos quote in support of their narrated miracles, authorities from the histories of their most inveterate enemies the Jeins, who join the Hindoos entirely in acknowledging the truth and credibility of their miraculous accounts? The only difference which subsists between these two parties on this subject is, that the Hindoos consider the power of performing miracles given to their gods and saints by the supreme Deity, and the Jeins declare that they performed all those astonishing works by *Asooree Shukti*, or by demoniac power. Moosulmahs, on the other hand, can produce records written and testified by contemporaries of Mohummed, both friends and enemies, who are represented as eye-witnesses of the miracles ascribed to him; such as his dividing the moon into two parts, and walking in sunshine without casting a shadow. They can assert, too, that several of those wit-

nesses suffered the greatest calamities; and some even death, in defence of that religion; some before the attempts of Mohummed at conquest, others after his commencing such attempts, and others after his death. On mature consideration of all those circumstances, the compiler hopes he may be allowed to remain still of opinion, that the miraculous relations found in the divine writings would be apt at best to carry little weight with them, when imparted to the Hindoos at large in the present state of their minds: but as no other religion can produce any thing that may stand in competition with the precepts of Jesus, much less that can be pretended to be superior to them, the compiler deemed it incumbent upon him to introduce these among his countrymen as a guide to peace and happiness."

On the mystical and sacred doctrine of the Trinity itself, we must, or our exposition would be most incomplete, quote what the author adduces.

"I have now noticed all the arguments founded on Scripture that I have heard of as advanced in support of the doctrine of the Trinity, except such as appeared to me so futile as to be unworthy of remark; and in the course of my examination have plainly stated the grounds on which I conceive them to be inadmissible. Perhaps my opinions may subject me to the severe censure of those who dissent from me, and some will be ready to discover particular motives for my presuming to differ from the great majority of Christian teachers of the present day in my view of Christianity, with the doctrines of which I have become but recently acquainted. Personal interest can hardly be alleged as likely to have actuated me, and therefore the love of distinction or notoriety may perhaps be resorted to, to account for conduct which they wish it to be believed honest conviction could never direct. In reply to such an accusation, I can only protest in the most solemn manner, that even in the belief that I have been successful in combating the doctrine of Trinitarianism, I cannot assume to myself the smallest merit; for what credit can be gained in proving that one is not three, and that the same being cannot be at once man and God; or in opposing those who maintain that all who do not admit doctrines so incomprehensible must be therefore subjected by the All-merciful to eternal punishment? It is too true to be denied, that we are led by the force of the senses to believe many things that we cannot fully understand. But where the evidence of sense does not compel us, how can we believe what is not only beyond our comprehension, but contrary to it and to the common course of nature, and directly against revelation; which declares positively the unity of God, as well as his incomprehensibility; but no where ascribes to him any number of persons, or any portion of magnitude? Job, xxxvi. 26, 'Behold God is great, and we know him not.' Ch. xxxvii. 23, 'Touching the Almighty, we cannot find him out.' Psalm cxlv. 3, 'His greatness is unsearchable.' Neither are my attempts owing to a strong hope of removing early impressions from the breasts of those whose education instilled certain ideas into their minds from the moment they became capable of receiving them; for notwithstanding great and long-continued exertions on my part to do away Hindoo polytheism, though palpably gross and absurd, my success has been very partial. This experience, therefore, it may be suggested, ought to have been sufficient to discourage me from any other attempt of the kind; but it is my reference for Christianity, and for the Au-

thor of this religion, that has induced me to endeavour to vindicate it from the charge of polytheism as far as my limited capacity and knowledge extend. It is indeed mortifying to my feelings to find a religion that from its sublime doctrines and pure morality should be respected above all other systems, reduced almost to a level with Hindoo theology, merely by human creeds and prejudices; and from this cause brought to a comparison with the paganism of ancient Greece; which, while it included a plurality of gods, yet maintained that *Θεὸς ἓς ἓς*, or 'God is one,' and that their numerous divine persons were all comprehended in that one Deity."

In conclusion, he says—

"Lastly, I tender my humble thanks for the editor's kind suggestion in inviting me to adopt the doctrine of the Holy Trinity; but I am sorry to find that I am unable to benefit by this advice. After I have long relinquished every idea of a plurality of gods, or of the persons of the Godhead, taught under different systems of modern Hindooism, I cannot conscientiously and consistently embrace one of a similar nature, though greatly refined by the religious reformatations of modern times; since whatever arguments can be adduced against a plurality of gods, strike with equal force against the doctrine of a plurality of persons of the Godhead; and, on the other hand, whatever excuse may be pleaded in favour of a plurality of persons of the Deity, can be offered with equal propriety in defence of polytheism. I now conclude my Essay by offering up thanks to the Supreme Disposer of the events of this universe, for having unexpectedly delivered this country from the long-continued tyranny of its former rulers, and placed it under the government of the English;—a nation who not only are blessed with the enjoyment of civil and political liberty, but also interest themselves in promoting liberty and social happiness, as well as free inquiry into literary and religious subjects, among those nations to which their influence extends."

As we have offered no opinions, so neither do we add any comment. Considering this matter to be of vital importance to Christianity and to millions of our fellow-creatures, we have fulfilled our duty by bringing it barely, and on its own (general, not being able to enter upon its particular) grounds, before the public.

Satires, and the Beggar's Coin; a Poem. By J. R. Best, Esq. author of "Transalpine Memoirs," &c. "Cuma," "Transherane Memoirs," &c. 12mo. pp. 174. London, 1831. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

Cuma. By the same. 8vo. pp. 261. London. Longman and Co.

The Beggar's Coin is the very coinage of a busy brain—this book, a rambling medley of talent and want of method and judgment. Mr. Best is a man of impulses—an irregular genius. He writes English verses and French verses; poetry after the manner of Scott, heroic and pathetic, and humorous and satirical, and would-be humorous and satirical compositions. He is at all in the ring, and, having seen and observed a great deal, he is often amusing; though, as a whole, his efforts want the stamp of superior excellence which alone can bear such productions now-a-days beyond the dull and sinking ordeal of public apathy.

Cuma is flanked by two maps, like a volume of travels. At the beginning, the Bay of Naples, as if the bard was at any rate determined to secure the bays; and at the end, a chart of Tartarus Regna, with Avernus, Lethe, &c. as

if he did not care a jot whether he were d—d or not. Of the poems between we say nothing, for the book has been published two years, but reserve the small space we can spare to the later volume. Of the first poem we shall give only one stanza: it occurs in the description of a death-chamber in Switzerland, where a female traveller has lost her companion.

"The blast sighs round her, and the pale moon creeps
Athwart the glass; its beams all mildly fall
On the rude couch where all she cherished sleeps.
Shall she exclude those beams from her sad hall?
'No! let them play o'er him,' she says and weeps;
'For they appear to rest upon his pall
As their sweet silence pitied me.' She wept;
And, on his cold breast sinking, calmly slept."

This is enough to shew the style, and is a good specimen of the feeling of the poem, from which we also select a close translation of an ancient Venetian barcarol, which Moore has partially rendered among his National Melodies.

"Venetian Moonlight."

O, speed thee, Ninetta,
The night is so fair,
In our boat let us hasten
To quaff the cool air;
For oh! it is soothing
Along the bright sea
All silvered with moonbeams
To float silently.
How blissful the soft hour!
The moonbeams how bright!
Oh! smiling Laguna,
I'm mad with delight!
Come, come, my sweet Nina,
If the boat let us glide,
And meet the cool breezes
That sigh o'er the tide!"

From "Modern Poetry, a Satire," we venture to quote a diatribe against "*sentiment*."

"By heavens! it almost makes one faint to see
This bilious power enthroned a deity!
Turn where you will, peruse what page you please,
Converse, walk, dance, nay, eat your bread and cheese—
What'er you do, that hateful, sickly word,
That drawl of 'sentiment' is ever heard,
And ever by the jaundiced crowd adored.
Each lyric bard sheds sentimental tears;
Each youth a sentimental aspect wears;
Each poet sings of love and discontent,
And fancied griefs and sickly sentiment.
'Tis the one cant that drowns all other cant;
And every beauteous miss can now decant
Upon its precious qualities, and tell
All—all—But no, she *feels* it all too well!"

Mr. Best is equally indignant against female authors: he seems to think petticoats and poetry incompatible, and we will not contest so delicate a point. We rather take, for its novelty, a verse or two of a steam-boat melody—a parody on the Bay of Biscay O!

"See, see my noble steamer
Cut up the turnpike sea,
Though Althorpe would esteem her
Too lovely to run free.
But all mankind will own
The steam-boat reigns alone—
Ocean maid,
Queen Adelaide—
Untaxed, untrammell'd, undismay'd!
Oh! who would rank above her,
That lazy-sailing ship?
The winds refuse to move her
While o'er the wave we trip.
On duteous billows borne,
The useless gale we scorn:
The sailor's craft
Rolls far ahead,
Nor pitying breeze will onward wait."

And when mischances greet us,
As e'en mischances may,
The fishes never eat us
Like common sailors' clay.
If boilers burst, to heaven
The son of steam is driven.
To the sky
Up we fly
With caldron, fire, and smoke on high!"

Another song of the same kind, to a Venetian air.

"Oh! come with me when day-light sets,
Sweet! then come with me,
When smoothly go our steam-packets
O'er the twilight sea."

When steam extends its radiant spokes
Amid the glancing spray,
And high above the chimney smokes,
And steals the stars away.

Oh then! the hour for those that love,
Sweet! like thee and me,
When all's so calm below, above,
In heaven, and o'er the sea,
When fires beneath are piled with coals,
And clouds o'erhang the main,
And all with noses, eyes, and souls,
Should love the fragrance then."

Our author, indeed, is an adept at parodies; witness verse one on "I'd be a butterfly."

"I'd be a dormouse, wrapped up in cotton,
Whose every thread close around me should meet,
Sleeping for ever, the larder forgotten,
Dreaming of summer, and sunshine, and heat.
I'd never languish for cheese sound or rotten,
I'd never sigh to make use of my feet;
But I'd be a dormouse wrapped up in cotton,
Dreaming of summer, and sunshine, and heat."

But we have now done our best for Mr. Best, and conclude with only one other example of his talent.

"Thekla's Song."

"The oak-wood quivers, the clouds drive o'er,
The maiden wanders beside the green shore;
The billows dash on it with mighty sound,
And, singing aloud to the gloom around,
Her eyes mid their tears wildly rove.
Her heart is all shattered, the world is drear,
And life presents nought to hope or fear.
'Thou Holy One! call thy child from below,
I have known all the bliss the earth can bestow—
I have lived, and oh! I have loved.'
Tears speed on their current all fruitless and vain,
No mourning can waken the dead up again!
But ask what may solace and strengthen thy breast,
When the sweet love is gone that made thee so blest,
It will not be denied thee above.
Let tears speed on their current all fruitless and vain,
Though no mourning can waken the dead up again!
The sweetest of joys to the sorrowing breast,
When the dear love is gone that made it so blest,
Are the griefs and the plights of love."

Journal of a Residence in Germany; written during a Professional Attendance on their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Clarence (their Most Gracious Majesties), during their Visits to the Courts of that Country, in 1822, 1825, and 1826. By William Beattie, M.D. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

EVERY now and then a book seems to be published expressly to shew how much folly can be put into print. Grandiloquent in style, deficient in material, coarse in flattery, and utterly contemptible in their catchpenny spirit, Dr. Beattie's two volumes are about as wretched compilations as we remember to have met with in the course of our literary experience. But before we proceed to illustrate our assertions by specimens of the rapid inanity of the pages now before us, we must enter our protest against the execrable taste (even if it had been done with all possible grace and talent) of thus parading illustrious and royal names; and also ask, if the work, which relates occurrences as far back as 1826, were worth the publishing, why was it not given to the public before, instead of waiting for the present spring-tide of royal popularity? We have too high a respect for the illustrious personages whose names adorn the title-page before us, not to protest against their having any thing in common with pages whose pompous nothings can only be matched by their imbecile conceit. Now for the work itself; it opens like an epic poem. "The tide runs fresh—the wind is favourable. Two distinguished admirals command. The yacht is manned by able and experienced seamen—veterans who have unfurled their sails in every quarter of the globe, and to every wind of heaven." All this for a voyage to Flushing! They land, and then—"Here every day brings its pleasure or pastime." Query, the difference between the two? The

banks of the Rhine are thus apostrophised:—"But all these are no more! The feudal lords are no more! The proud banners that crowned these castled heights are no more! The eleven thousand virgins of Cologne are no more! That illustrious army of heroines, after struggling long and courageously against the insinuations of sin and Satan—the strong current of earthly affections—have rested at last on their oars, and, like the barge on my left, passed smoothly down the stream of time into the haven of eternity." They arrived at Altenstein; and the following information is, to be sure, very important:—

"The urbanity of the court—the rational conversation of the officers—the interesting faces and unaffected manners of the ladies—the language, the voices, the uniforms—the civil and military decorations—several points of etiquette—the music—the mixed military and classic air which pervades the whole—all are new, and not more new than pleasing. * * During the eight days' journey to this country, his royal highness has not dined more than twice. He breakfasted in the morning at seven, upon tea and a simple slice of dry toast—Spartan fare, in abstinence at least, if not in substance. A slight luncheon, consisting of cold fowl, Westphalia ham, veal, or gibier—the latter a favourite viand—was prepared, and put into a small basket in the chariot. One or more of these, with bread, formed the staple banquet of the day, and were resorted to at pleasure. At night, on arriving at the inn, his royal highness took tea—and only green tea."

The style of the following is quite Homeric. "The postilion continued his career, every moment accelerated by the increasing momentum. It was abundantly evident that Schwager could not obey. He did every thing in his power, but in vain, to check the velocity with which he was proceeding. He had by no means calculated the weight of the carriage. His leaders, as usual, had neither bit nor rein; so that he had no command over them; but, instead of driving, was dragged after them. The danger was at its height. The precipice upon which we were rushing suddenly appeared. The feeling it excited was like that of the boatman who feels himself hurried irresistibly towards the cataract of Rheinfelden. Though momentary, it left an impression of all that is sublime in fear. The leaders touched the parapet: the wheelers, by a momentary and desperate manœuvre, were thrown on their haunches, almost under the body of the carriage. They offered all the resistance which living muscle and wretched harness could oppose in such an emergency. The effort succeeded. The leaders bolted instinctively from the precipice. The carriage reeled for a moment—the wheelers sprang to their legs—the danger was over—but an instance of more imminent danger is of rare occurrence. To his lasting credit, the postilion never once lost his balance, nor his presence of mind, nor—his pipe. He excused himself very readily, by assuring us that there was no danger, not even at the turning."

We proceed to a few more of these very important details.

"Louisburg.—Friday night.—Left Künzelsau this morning at seven o'clock. Between Besigheim and Louisburg, at three leagues distance, the carriage was met by a special messenger from the queen, mounted on a fine charger; livery, bright orange with black facings. He drew himself up in front of the carriage; expressed his royal mistress's wel-

come; then, wheeling round, led the way to the palace, where we arrived at six o'clock.

"Saturday morning.—I am to be presented to the queen this forenoon. To be in the drawing-room at half past twelve. Her majesty dines at one. The court etiquette is to appear in boots; in other respects I am to observe the same ceremony as on a presentation at St. James's. The Comte de Goërlitz, Baron de Germingen, and General de Buneau, the principal officers of the queen's household, have been in my apartments, and pointed out the amenities of the place."

Sentiment.

"During supper the windows were open, and several bats, invited by the light, entered freely and continued their evolutions during the repast; but as soon as her majesty rose from table, the winged intruders were warned to depart. All obeyed but one: he, as if assured that the royal mistress of the mansion wished every thing under her influence to live and enjoy life, obstinately resisted the voice of authority, and at last, I regret to say, paid the forfeit with his life. '*Pauvre malheureux!*' sighed a beautiful young lady; 'how readily would the royal hand have interposed even in thy behalf, had she suspected the smallest design against thy little summer existence! I heard the crush, as he placed his iron heel upon thy late happy and defenceless breast. I witnessed, and cannot forgive the act! Thy little roost under my window will be empty tomorrow! I shall have one fewer in the evening to welcome me in my forest walk! This brief life was thy immortality—the blow, therefore, doubly cruel!'

'Ah, surely nothing dies but something mourns!'

Conviction at court.

"The ball commenced. The band poured forth its liveliest airs, and set many light hearts and heels in motion. I was not long an attentive and quiet observer, till I found that the waltz had risen several degrees in my estimation. Like some others, *illiberal* as myself, I had contracted certain prejudices against this favourite dance, from the spurious imitations of it at home. I now felt that I had done injustice to the original;—opinions and prejudices hastily contracted are often as hastily laid aside;—in example whereof I now confess, that the waltz is the most intellectual of all dances, and most becoming a refined and sentimental people! I assert this with confidence, because my testimony is supported by that of the Baron von Gemmelhausen, with whom, on a subject of such universal interest, I feel truly proud to coincide. The accomplished waltzer has a light, airy motion,—an elasticity of toe,—an ease and elegance combined,—something difficult to express, but what every waltzer feels at the point of his fingers. These must ever accord to the waltz all its peculiar grace and sentiment, and all its title to pre-eminence. Much to the disgrace of those, whose exalted province it is to direct the steps of the rising generation, most of our dances are excessively formal,—made up of studied manœuvres. They inspire nothing,—lead to nothing; there is no feeling—no imagination in them. In short, they appear to have been originally invented and arranged by some grave mathematician in some of his gravest moments;—but the waltz! . . . The ball was kept up with great spirit and determination. Every cheek was glowing—every eye sparkling with delight, and every heart—under the left hand of her partner. Every sylph-like figure,—each worthy of a special ode,—was kept in a perpetual airy whirl, touching the earth so lightly, that

it was labour to the ear to catch the echo of her glimmering feet. In the mean time, choice refreshments continued in cheerful circulation. The air was impregnated from time to time with luxurious odours, such as accompanied Cleopatra in her voyage down the Cydnus. Conversation became more and more animated, and, if I may so express it, more personal. The garlands that hung pendent from the walls, rustled their leaves as if stirred by the zephyrs of paradise. Every succeeding air seemed sweeter than the last. The lamps and lustres, the more they burned the brighter they burned, and seldom has their light been shed on a more delightful and delighted assembly. Illustrious rank and title presided. Beauty and worth composed the groups, and all mingled in the mazes of the dance."

We doubt whether it be possible to make human suffering more ludicrous than in the following story. Does our would-be facetious doctor remember Pope's line?

"Gentle dulness ever loves a joke."

"The fair petitioner was once happy; happy as a warm heart and ripening hopes could make her; and would have continued so: but love, in evil hour, and in the guise and gait of a French tambour, beat a charge upon her heart. She, poor soul, though greatly taken by surprise, made a long and desperate resistance, fully resolved that her little fortress, though all unmanned, should never succumb—at least to a French tambour. All this she said to herself, and repeated it again and again. But while she did so, the formidable tambour continued also to repeat his charge, rat-tat-too, all at her heart. How it happened she does not remember; but one morning, by some unaccountable oversight, she was thrown off her guard,—and what do you think the tambour did? He took advantage of that accident, and reiterated the siege with such precipitation, that at every roll of his drum-sticks her heart quaked, and the fears of womanhood overwhelmed her. It soon became evident that the fortress could not hold out much longer,—that was certain; yet did she neither lose her self-possession nor her ingenuity, as any other would have done. A very clever thought suggested itself—a sudden determination to make her escape! As for surrender,—did any body think for a moment that she would surrender? No; she would sooner throw herself from the window,—a desperate thought under desperate circumstances. But there was no alternative. With the bound of an antelope she leapt, and fell—into the arms of the tambour! Now, this was nothing less than a manœuvre of the arch-enemy of womankind. What could be done?—Nothing! Could she help it?—Certainly not! Things had come to the worst. She now felt herself a helpless damsel in the keeping of a dragon—a French dragon, too, who, it is well known, is never forward in releasing his prisoner; less so, if English; and least of all, if an English damsel. Well, it could not be very long before there would certainly be a peace and a general exchange of prisoners, and then she would be quite sure of regaining her freedom. This was a very ingenious, comforting thought; so she determined to abide the results of an expected peace. She did so; but when that peace arrived, her peace, poor soul, was gone, tambour and all! Her whole surviving stock of this world's prosperity was the miniature of a tambour, *en grand appareil*, and another of hardly larger dimensions hanging in her arms—her little all, but *all* to her! As dear, she declared to me, as if the one had died with a marshal's baton in his hand, and the

Other had been appointed a little lord of the chamber to the little king of Rome! Every body was struck with her appearance, and deeply affected by her story. None had the heart to reproach her. She looked so piteously in her child's face, and then at the speaker, that one could not in conscience expect her to be sorry for what she had done. Enough of sorrows may be yet in store for her. It was not our province to censure, but to impart, where we could, a little sunshine, a little comfort, and a little encouragement. These were severally communicated. The illustrious travellers made her a liberal donation; the example was followed by others; and, in bestowing this welcome bounty, accompanied with a seasonable maxim, she dropped me a low curtsy, and, modestly shutting her eyes to prevent, no doubt, the escape of tears in the presence of strangers, promised me in pathetic terms *never to do so any more!* then, fondling her little *tambour*, whispered, 'Viens, mon petit, maintenant je saurai t'acheter un beau tambour! Ah, pauvre malheureux! que ton papa savait battre le tambour! Que je me rappelle de ses baguettes!' In less than half an hour they were in front of the Wiedenhof—the young *tambour* and his mamma—the former with an instrument of sound as large as life, and shaped like a half-cask of Hocheimer, which ever and anon the little urchin tattooed with a taste and effect which made a powerful impression upon every ear. For my own part I was more affected by the circumstance than the music. I look upon *precocity* of talent in general as a melancholy omen—a thing to excite more apprehension than hope. In the vocabulary of human life, brightness too often implies brevity,—and here was a case in point."

This is at once too good and too bad. We have not space to quote the whole of the nonsense of a scene of Aix-la-Chapelle: we shall only give the introduction.

"Aix-la-Chapelle, Saturday.—The case was distressing, the scene such as the eye shrinks from with horror. I may safely assert, that there was not one dry cheek among the bystanders.

"The silent agony of the moment was not relieved by a single expression; the very function of respiration seemed for the time suspended: the expression of a Niobe was nothing to this! As in the natural world the electric flash is often followed by the thunder and the shower, so it happened on the present occasion,—the first electric shock of grief and astonishment was succeeded by tears. These, however, did not flow in silence, but were interrupted by bitter invectives against some person or persons unknown. Despair is often productive of a courage which would astonish those who are well with themselves and the world, and know not what it is to have lost their all. It was far otherwise with the lady who there stood with clasped hands and streaming eyes, like one of those weeping Magdalenes whom it is more dangerous to encounter in sorrow than in smiles. Raphael knew this; but had he ever met with a scene like the present, it had been worth five thousand louis. She had courage such as despair only could inspire."

We beg leave to inform our readers, that all these fine phrases usher in an accident which has happened at the custom-house, where some ink has been spilt over a lady's dresses. Truly the ensuing intelligence is well worth printing!

"7th.—To-day I had the honour of dining at half-past one with the duchess dowager, at her villa in the garden. A small domestic circle. Dinner in good English taste, roast beef, fried

potatoes, an excellent rice-pudding, &c. • • •

"Friday, 8th.—I had the honour to dine with the duke and duchess at the palace, by special invitation. Dinner at half-past two."

"Thursday, 14th.—An interesting forenoon's amusement to-day. The prince invited his royal highness to visit the culinary department, and the wine cellars under the ground floor of the château.

"In a room near the kitchen, we were surprised to find a handsome *déjeuner à la fourchette*. It consisted of a variety of made dishes, comfits, pâtés, côtelettes, with several kinds of wines served during the repast; including a specimen of very old Madeira. • • •

"30th.—I am honoured with an invitation to dine with their serene highnesses at their villa. There is to be another ball at court one of these evenings: some of the splendid dresses intended to be worn on the occasion have been obligingly shewn me, and I have exclaimed again and again, *Magnificent!* • • •

"One of these days I am to visit the ruins of the Hénnebér, for which purpose his serene highness yesterday at dinner offered me the use of his *droshka*. 18th.—A splendid ball was last night given at court. • • •

"22d.—To-night, a splendid ball was given by the duchess dowager at her villa. His serene highness and his sister, the Duchess of Clarence, led off the dance. The prince appeared, as usual, to great advantage in his hussar uniform.

"Nonnenweerder, 4th.—The dessert was on the table,—not abundant, but choice and fresh gathered. The wine with which it was served bore the date of the comet vintage, and at once established its character and especial claims to the patronage of strangers. The landlord's daughters entered the apartment with bouquets of flowers, which they had just culled, and now presented to the ladies of the party. They were the latest of the spring; surviving, by some weeks, that fragrant family in whose sweet fellowship they had sprung up,—breathed their vernal sweets,—and which they were now speedily following to the earth. The minstrel Frauenlob was of our party, and observed that their fate was an enviable one! No one seemed to comprehend his meaning, yet no one asked him to explain. I observed, however, that, on receiving the flowers, the ladies had deposited them, in their dying moments, in a situation which was by no means unlikely to excite a feeling of jealousy in the minstrel's very susceptible mind; and to this I am inclined to refer the solution of his singular apostrophe. The hour was peculiarly favourable to sentiments of a pathetic cast. Thus delicately excited, they became infectious."

This leads to the recital of the old legend of Roland, particularly ill-told. A morning at Wirtemburgh.

"Between six and seven o'clock at latest, breakfast is served to each member of the household in his respective chamber, after the French fashion. It consists of coffee, warm milk, and fresh rolls, and is left on the toilet-table for the solitary repast of the inmate or guest. The social breakfast of England is unknown in this country, unless where occasionally introduced. The queen and her ladies all follow the national custom of breakfasting thus early and alone. From this hour till dinner is allotted as the season for business or study. The ladies enjoy the comfort of dishabille, knitting, and needle-work; the gentlemen that of their dressing-gown, a novel, and a sofa. Unless on extraordinary occasions, it is rare that either quit their apartment much before

the hour of dinner. This, however, does not preclude friendly and familiar visits. The ladies are not afraid of being surprised in the disguise of a morning dress, or with their temples clustered with papillots. They do not comprehend how a visit under such circumstances should frighten them from their strict propriety, or make them blush to appear,—as the finest forms of ancient Greece appeared,—undistorted by modern corsets—the dictates of a barbarous fashion,—which, originally intended as a corrective for spinal obliquity, became a fruitful cause of it;—that is, till the recent and immortal Calisthenes were introduced! • • •

"The party was now at tea; her majesty seated in an arm-chair upon a nicely-sanded floor; his royal highness at her right hand; a table in the centre with the tea equipage; a boiling kettle in the middle; and three of the ladies of honour seated round it: the gentlemen and myself standing near the window. • • •

"Sunday, May 21st, 1826.—Their royal highnesses embarked on board the Sovereign yacht. Monday.—Landed at Calais; received by the mayor, and Mr. Marshall, the British consul; and shortly after set off and slept at St. Omer's, à l'ancienne Poste. Tuesday.—Left St. Omer's, and slept at Lille. Wednesday.—Left Lille at seven o'clock; the day wet throughout; *Paries indicat uvula suspendisse vestimenta*. Slept at Brussels. Thursday.—Slept at the *Pavillon Anglais*, Liege. Friday.—Passed through Aix-la-Chapelle, and slept at the *Rheinberg*, Cologne."

A great deal of wretched poetry is scattered through these trifling pages: we give a sample.

"Saturday.—To-day an anecdote was told me in the following terms:—It relates to the capture of a forest beauty of great celebrity by a modern troubadour, thereby offering an additional and pleasing testimony to the power of music. The words are adapted to a lively Saxon air.

Unnumbered lays had sung her praise,
Her sparkling eye and rosy tint!

Each varied grace of form and face,
But never told the roguery in't!

All wooed the dame; for never came
A brighter form from beauty's mint!

Graf, ritter, squire, were all on fire,
But sighed at last, there's roguery in't!

'Now mark me well,' said Blumenzell,
'Full well I know to fire a flint!'

Ah, luckless spark, he miss'd his mark!
Then sternly swore, there's roguery in't!

A forest bard, unheilm'd, unstarr'd,
Of music softly tried the dint;

'I scorn,' said she, 'thy minstrelsy,
For well I know there's roguery in't!'

The chord he smote, a thrilling note
Disolv'd her snow, she took the hint:

A murmur slips her rosy lips—
'That song,' she sighed, 'has roguery in't!'

The song was sung, the harp was hung
With garland wreaths of richest tint;

The priest is there, to bless the pair,
And whispers me, 'there's marriage in't!'

We have now given ample proof to support the assertion with which we commenced, and we gladly leave this very ridiculous performance.

National Library, Vol. X. Thomson's History of Chemistry, Vol. II. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

The conclusion of Dr. T. Thomson's excellent and justly popular work. The last chapter, though short (about sixteen pages), is particularly valuable as a map of the present state of chemistry. Leaving out of view light, heat, and electricity, respecting the nature of which only conjectures can be formed, Dr. T. classes the fifty-three simple bodies with which we are

now acquainted into five supporters, seventeen acidifiable and thirty-one alkalisable bases. He then notices some of their most important combinations, and continues:

"The opinion at present universally adopted by chemists is, that the ultimate particles of bodies consist of atoms incapable of further division; and these atoms are of a size almost infinitely small. It can be demonstrated that the size of an atom of lead does not amount to so much as $\frac{1}{1000000000000}$ of a cubic inch."

He points out the process by which their weight and bulk are approximated; and says:

"We have no data to enable us to determine the shape of these atoms. The most generally received opinion is, that they are spheres or spheroids; though there are difficulties in the way of admitting such an opinion, in the present state of our knowledge, nearly insurmountable. The probability is, that all the supporters have the property of uniting with all the bases, in at least three proportions. But by far the greater number of these compounds still remain unknown. * * *

"Every base is capable of uniting with almost every acid, in all probability in at least three different proportions; so that the number of salts which they are capable of forming cannot be fewer than 21,000. Now scarcely 1000 of these are at present known, or have been investigated with tolerable precision. What a prodigious field of investigation remains to be traversed must be obvious to the most careless reader. In such a number of salts, how many remain unknown that might be applied to useful purposes, either in medicine, or as mordants, or dyes, &c. How much, in all probability, will be added to the resources of mankind by such investigations, need not be observed. The animal and vegetable kingdoms present a still more tempting field of investigation. Animal and vegetable substances may be arranged under three classes, acids, alkalies, and neutrals. The class of acids presents many substances of great utility, either in the arts, or for seasoning food. The alkalies contain almost all the powerful medicines that are drawn from the vegetable kingdom. The neutral bodies are important as articles of food, and are applied, too, to many other purposes of first-rate utility. All these bodies are composed (chiefly, at least) of hydrogen, carbon, oxygen, and azote; substances easily procured abundantly at a cheap rate. Should chemists, in consequence of the knowledge acquired by future investigations, ever arrive at the knowledge of the mode of forming these principles from their elements at a cheap rate, the prodigious change which such a discovery would make upon the state of society must be at once evident. Mankind would be, in some measure, independent of climate and situation; every thing could be produced at pleasure in every part of the earth; and the inhabitants of the warmer regions would no longer be the exclusive possessors of comforts and conveniences to which those in less favoured regions of the earth are strangers. Let the science advance for another century with the same rapidity that it has done during the last fifty years, and it will produce effects upon society of which the present race can form no adequate idea. Even already some of these effects are beginning to develop themselves: our streets are now illuminated with gas drawn from the bowels of the earth; and the failure of the Greenland fishery, during an unfortunate season like the last, no longer fills us with dismay. What a change has been produced in the country by the introduction of steam-boats! and what a still greater improvement is at pre-

sent in progress, when steam-carriages and railroads are gradually taking the place of horses and common roads. Distances will soon be reduced to one-half of what they are at present; while the diminished force and increased rate of conveyance will contribute essentially to lower the rest of our manufactures, and enable us to enter into a successful competition with other nations."

The concluding pages treat of chemistry as applicable to physiology, and are both curious and interesting. Every reader will be gratified and informed by their perusal; and to persons of all descriptions we cordially recommend this work.

Jones's English Systems of Book-keeping.

London, 1831. Large 4to.

It is rather an unpleasant thing for a critic to be obliged by truth to set out with a confession, that he knows little or nothing of the subject upon which he is called to favour the world with his opinion. But so it is between Us and "Jones's Systems of Book-keeping." The book-keeping with which we are most conversant, is that practised upon us by our friends, at the expense of our library, wholesale and retail. Whether this is accomplished by single or double entry, we cannot always ascertain; but we are sure that we never see any balance sheets, and therefore we must leave the accounts to stand between the parties and their consciences till they are audited at the great audit day.

Of his own plan, Mr. Jones says, that it is calculated to prevent the frauds which could so readily be accomplished under all preceding methods of *ledger-démain*; and he submits many formulas to demonstrate this assertion. He also proclaims its simplicity, not only in the various lines of commerce, but also on that great source of evil to the public in needless expense for inefficient government accounts, so as to bring the subject in a familiar manner home to every understanding, although hitherto of great intricacy, and throwing open a wide door for losses and frauds, by false entries and expensive litigation; to say nothing of the numerous insolvencies which take place through the uncertain information which books of accounts produce, and the vast expenditure beyond the profits really gained in trade.

Such are Mr. Jones's claims; and they are, no doubt, of much commercial interest; we therefore sought advice upon them, and the report made to us we repeat:—

"It is not clear that this system does afford the facility and certainty of detecting errors, which is stated by the author; in fact it is not itself without error.* Nevertheless, it contains some important suggestions, which may be applied to the improvement of every practical mode of keeping complex and extensive accounts."

To this, we presume fair, opinion we have only to add, that we have also on our table a much smaller performance on the same matter, namely, *Morrison's General System of Mercantile Book-keeping*,† which appears to us to be singularly simple and practically effective.

While on such topics we may also as well discharge our minds of *The Executor's Account Book*, by John H. Brady,‡ late of the

* An Examination of Mr. Jones's System, by a Practical Book-keeper, and published by Simpkin and Marshall, and E. Wilson, affirms that it is altogether erroneous; and to demonstrate this, gives a ledger, in which every entry is wrong posted, and yet, according to his plan, the whole appears to be perfectly correct!!!

† London, 1830, small 4to. pp. 84. Longman and Co.
‡ Small 4to. pp. 74. Sweet.

Legacy Duty Office, and the author of several very useful publications; who has here placed a ready-made scheme before every person undertaking the duty of an executor, likely to save much trouble, and induce much desirable clearness and order.

In conclusion, *Walker's Interest and Discount Tables*,* where those who lend, and those who borrow, are promptly instructed what are the legal charges there-for.

Constable's Miscellany, LXVIII. Wilson's American Ornithology, Vol. I.

A PORTRAIT of Mr. Wilson, and a vignette of the bald eagle, adorn this first vol. of a republication which excited much interest in its original form, (see *L. G. Reviews*), and has since largely contributed to fill many of those pages which are altogether, or partially, compiled from the labours of others. The history of the habits, and the anecdotes of birds which it contains, are extremely engaging. Some of the reflections are, perhaps, a little strained. For example, the bald eagle is denounced as a ruffianly tyrant, because he watches the fish-hawks, (ospreys,) pounces upon them, and robs them of their prey. "Thus" (says the author, for we must have a moral strain upon every thing!) "thus we see throughout the whole empire of animal life, power is almost always in a state of hostility to justice; and of the Deity only can it truly be said, that justice is commensurate with power." Now this is mighty fine; but it seems to us that the bald eagle is quite as much justified in taking the fish from the osprey, not injuring the latter, as the osprey is in catching the fish and eating it!! The cant of sensibility is annoying. At a late lecture at the London Literary Institution, (the *Morning Herald* tells us on Tuesday,) Dr. J. Mitchell pointed abhorrence at the man who placed pots in his house for sparrows to build in, and observed, "it was disgusting to hear the fellow express his delight at the prospect of making pies of their young." For ourselves, we so love to watch the doings of birds and beasts, that we would ten times rather preserve than destroy even the most useless; but, in plain common sense, if young sparrow-pies are good, we can detect no more reason to denounce this pot-catcher than the owner of a dove-cot. A pigeon attracts the human affections quite as much as a sparrow, and yet pigeon-pie is a very common dish. So are roasted larks, wheatears, &c. &c. &c. and no sentiment about them.

Familiar German Exercises, adapted to the "Compendious German Grammar." By A. Bernays. 12mo. pp. 240. London, Treuttel and Co.

THIS is an exceedingly neat and well-digested volume. The exercises are well adapted to the rules, and are at the same time practical, and, for the most part, amusing. The author has done wisely in not confining himself to sentences of his own making, and in taking his pieces generally from writers like Schiller, Wieland, Kotzebue, &c. By this means he has opened the widest possible range of phrases for the practice of the student, and afforded himself the opportunity of introducing numerous notes and remarks, which give an additional value to the book. A great deal of the learner's time is saved by the German being given for the English words and idioms; so that he need not hunt for them in the dictionary, at the hazard of choosing, in nine cases out of ten, wrong

* Second edition, Simpkin and Marshall.

ones. There is also an appendix, containing, besides other useful matter, some ingenious rules on the gender and declension of German substantives, which remove almost all the difficulties attending this subject. In short, we may safely affirm, that this volume, together with the grammar to which it belongs, offers the most complete and most practical compendium of German etymology and syntax we are acquainted with. Paper and print, too, are superior to the general run of school-books.

A Compendium of Ancient and Modern Geography; for the Use of Eton School. By Aaron Arrowsmith, Hydrographer to the King, &c. 8vo. pp. 906. Eton and London, 1831. E. Williams, and others.

A VERY complete and excellent compendium—all indeed which the word implies, and replete with the information which students and readers may desire to seek. It seems (where we have consulted it for the sake of forming our judgment) to have consulted the best authorities; and, on doubtful points, it has the merit of being neither opinative nor dogmatic, simply supplying the best intelligence in a clear and concise manner. There are good maps, and the volume is handsomely got up.

Select Works of the British Poets from Chaucer to Jonson, with Biographical Sketches. By Robert Southey, Esq. LL.D. pp. 1016.

Select Works of the British Poets, with Biographical and Critical Prefaces. By Dr. Aikin. pp. 807. London: Longman and Co.

THE whole body of English poetry is compressed in these beautiful and singularly cheap volumes. The edition edited by Dr. Southey comprises that early literature which, fresh, original, and vigorous, is the "world before the flood" of those mediocre and French-formed writers, who too long occupied the place assigned the "British Poets" on our shelves. To the lovers of poetry we cordially recommend these works—they are a whole library in two volumes; and, moreover, to those readers whose love lives a little in the eye, we must observe, that the clear print and neat appearance of this edition deserve high praise. The brief preceding notices are written with Dr. Southey's accustomed good taste and elegance.

A Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Tongue; with a Praxis. By Erasmus Rask, Professor of Literary History, and Librarian to the University of Copenhagen, &c. &c. A new edition, enlarged and improved by the Author. Translated from the Danish, by B. Thorpe, Honorary Member of the Icelandic Literary Society of Copenhagen. 8vo. Copenhagen, 1830.

THERE is a superficial and a philosophical view of every subject. A little mind is attracted by the superficial, but the energies of a powerful mind are employed upon realities. From the superficial manner in which grammar has sometimes been treated, it has not always received that attention which it deserves. It is a metaphysical and very important subject, embracing an extensive field for observation. Grammar comprehends the whole structure of language. At early periods, it engaged the close attention of Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, and other men of the first talent and renown. In modern times, the greatest historians, philosophers, and poets, have not thought it beneath their notice.

We pass over the due attention which has been given to other tongues, and speak now

only of those which are of Gothic origin. In Holland, we have a *Bilderdijk* and *Siegenbeek*, the glory of their age; in Germany, a *Grimm*; in France, a *Raynouard*; in England, a *Crombie* and *Turner*; in Denmark, a *Rask*:—these, with a long train of able coadjutors, have taken an enlarged and truly philosophical view of grammar. Some of them divide languages into classes, considering the body of each class to be the same, and differing only in the mode of placing and uniting the members. Thus, the Dutch, German, Danish, Norwegian, English, &c. are the same, but differ in those connecting words and auxiliaries which most frequently occur, such as the articles, pronouns, auxiliary verbs, and connecting words. If the difference in these words be ascertained, and the permutation of certain consonants be noticed, such as the change of the Dutch, German, and Danish *d* into the English *th*, we shall find a most striking similarity in the Gothic languages.

Attention to these principles has enabled Professor Rask to produce a work of the greatest importance to Anglo-Saxon students,—a grammar formed on the true idiom of the Saxon tongue, with a constant and judicious reference to the languages of cognate origin.

The preface contains a "Critical History of the Anglo-Saxon Language, and the other Gothic Tongues." The etymological part is very comprehensive; and the remarks on orthography, on the formation of words, and on Anglo-Saxon versification, deserve great praise. The work closes with extracts from the most approved Saxon writers, and a very useful and complete verbal index.

Mr. Thorpe has performed his part well, and has rendered a great service to Saxon literature, by clothing this grammar in a becoming English dress. A translation of Mr. Rask's Icelandic Grammar, by the same able hand, would be an invaluable acquisition.

Selections from the Poems of William Wordsworth; chiefly for the use of Schools and young Persons. Pp. 365. London, 1831. Moxon.

THE editor of this little volume is among Mr. Wordsworth's unbounded admirers: we doubt whether this be the best qualification for one about to make a selection from his writings, and this doubt is made a certainty by the work before us. The privilege of choice has been exercised with very little taste: really, the idiot boy Peter Bell, and Harry Gill, are unworthy specimens of the genius of one who is among our language's noblest masters. Mr. Hine urges that these are favourites with the poet himself—perhaps so, on the principle which attaches the mother to her least-favoured offspring. In some of his productions we shall always consider that Mr. Wordsworth has sacrificed poetry to a poetical theory; that he has sometimes "narrowed his mind," and given up for a whim "what was meant for mankind." We regret this the more, as these peculiarities have afforded such easy points of attack to many who, though able to catch all the small ridicules which floated on the surface, were utterly incapable of sounding the mighty and glorious depths of a first-rate mind. We do not wonder, however, at the idolatry of even his blindest eulogists: what author is it who says, that no attachment is so strong as that which has had something to get over? and we all know, that we are more closely drawn to that which we have to defend. These are some of the secondary causes which may account for the enthusiasm Wordsworth inspires; but the great first cause is in his own noble genius, the fine

humanising spirit, the high and holy philosophy which characterise his writings. Deeply, to use his own language, is his soul imbued

"With life and nature; purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear; until we recognise
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart."

Wordsworth was the first who made poetry a "wayfarer 'mid the paths of daily life," and this will be one of his most enduring merits. His choice of common subjects we commend: it is only when they verge on the ludicrous that we think he has debased poetry, by thus associating it with the absurd. To illustrate our meaning by examples, we never could discover the merits of Henry Gill, the idiot boy, &c. &c.; but we admire as much as we reverence the feeling and the mind put forth in the old Cumberland Beggar, Michael, &c. In the first of these he beautifully exclaims that

"Man is dear to man; the poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life
When they can know and feel that they have been
Themselves, the fathers, and the dealers out
Of some kind blessings; have been kind to such
As needed kindness, for this single cause,
That we have all of us one human heart."

Need we point out why this passage is so exquisite? because it touches on that general chord of sympathy which runs from the highest to the lowest of the human race. To return to the volume before us: though we still think a better judgment might have been exercised, there is yet quite enough to make it a very valuable and delightful present to the youthful reader.

Standard Novels, No. IV. Thaddeus of Warsaw. By Miss Jane Porter. Revised, corrected, and illustrated with a new Introduction, Notes, &c. Colburn and Bentley.

A PLEASANT introduction ushers in the first of Miss Porter's many and popular works. *Thaddeus of Warsaw* has gone through ten editions: what can a critic say after that? Miss Porter mentions, that when this and her succeeding work, *The Scottish Chiefs*, were translated and published in Germany, she was made Lady of the Chapter of St. Joachim, and received the gold cross of the order from Wirttemberg. A vignette and frontispiece in character (the former the best) are prefixed to this volume.

Orlando Innamorato di Bojardo; Orlando Furioso di Ariosto: with an Essay on the Romantic Narrative Poetry of the Italians; Memoirs and Notes. By Antonio Panizzi. Vol. V. London, 1831. Pickering.

THE *Orlando Innamorato* is completed in this volume; and we equally congratulate editor and publisher on the elegant and satisfactory work they have produced. It is a most beautiful and correct edition; and Mr. Panizzi deserves the highest praise for his unwearied industry and research. We cannot do better than quote his own final words.

"I shall conclude by requesting those who may find some difference between my text and that of any single edition of the *Innamorato*, to pause before they condemn my endeavours; because, what may seem an error, or an incorrect reading, may have been advisedly preferred, and be the most correct. I do not mean to assert that these volumes are immaculate. Those who know the difficulties of republishing a work of this kind in a foreign country, and from such editions, will readily make allowances; and those who do not know what these difficulties are, can never imagine them. It may be, that by collating other editions with

this, an improved one may be hereafter produced; but it must be admitted that this is the first time that the *Orlando Innamorato* by Bojardo has been published in a legible form, and with many thousand errors of the press less than in any previous edition of this splendid and too shamefully neglected father of the *Orlando Furioso*."

Library of Entertaining Knowledge. The Architecture of Birds. London; Knight.

THIS is quite a delightful volume—a volume for the young, the middle-aged, and the old, of both sexes. Natural history is naturally one of the most pleasing studies, if we seek instruction; one of the most curious, if we only aim at entertainment. In the volume before us a multitude of the peculiarities of birds, of their habits, of their modes of constructing their nests, &c. &c. are described; and the whole is enlivened by interesting anecdotes. The following, related of the woodpecker, is an example of what may be called *catching a Tartar*.

"Notwithstanding the care which this bird, in common with the rest of its genus, takes to place its young beyond the reach of enemies, within the hollows of trees, yet there is one deadly foe, against whose depredations neither the height of the tree, nor the depth of the cavity, is the least security. This is the black snake (*Coluber constrictor*), who frequently glides up the trunk of the tree, and, like a skulking savage, enters the woodpecker's peaceful apartment, devours the eggs or helpless young, in spite of the cries and flutterings of the parents; and, if the place be large enough, coils himself up in the spot they occupied, where he will sometimes remain for several days. The eager schoolboy, after hazarding his neck to reach the woodpecker's hole, at the triumphant moment when he thinks the nestlings his own, and strips his arm, launching it down into the cavity, and grasping what he conceives to be the callow young, starts with horror at the sight of a hideous snake, and almost drops from his giddy pinnacle, retreating down the tree with terror and precipitation. Several adventures of this kind have come to my knowledge; and one of them that was attended with serious consequences, where both boy and snake fell to the ground, and a broken thigh, and long confinement, cured the adventurer completely of his ambition for robbing woodpeckers' nests."

Many ornithological works have been laid under contribution for this small volume; and we have only to add, that it is adorned by a number of woodcuts.

Poetorum Latinorum, Hostii, Lævii, &c. Vita et Carminum Reliquia; editæ à M. Weichert. Lipsie, 1830.

COLLECTIONS of fragments, and isolated dissertations on authors of whom time has left us little more than the names, and the memory of whom is almost entirely effaced, are great services rendered to ancient literature. Such is Hostius. The origin of the Hostian family is to be traced to Hostius Hostilius, grandfather of the third king of Rome. The celebrated Cynthia, sung by Propertius, belonged to the same family. According to M. Weichert, she was the niece, not the daughter, of the poet. A contemporary of Lucilius, the satirist, this poet lived in the seventh century of the Roman era. He was sometimes called Hostilius. The subjects of his verses were historical: for instance, he sung the Istrian war. Of Lævius, so little is known, that a modern writer has

even doubted if he ever existed. M. Weichert, however, proves that he lived prior to the reign of Augustus, and publishes several fragments of his. C. Licinius Calvus was the friend of Catullus, and the son of C. Licinius Mæcer, and was born in May 672. His father was an orator and a historian; and he himself left a speech against Vatinius, of which this volume contains some fragments. Caius Helvius Cinna was also the friend of Catullus; but it was not he whom the people killed by mistake, after the assassination of Cæsar. M. Weichert, passing to C. Valgius Rufus, thinks that this friend of Horace has been erroneously ranked among epic poets, on the strength of a panegyric on Messala, falsely attributed to Tibullus. Domitius Marsus, who lived in the time of Augustus, was perhaps of Marsian origin, and his family probably obtained the rights of citizenship at the time of the civil war. Ovid is the first who mentions him; Martial frequently quotes him: he composed epic poems and elegies. After these conjectural but ingenious biographies, comes a very curious dissertation on the detractors of Horace; and then another *de Turgo Alpino*, the object of which is to show that it was the poet Turius Bibaculus who is thus designated by Horace. He was then seventy years old, and seems to have written a poem upon Memnon, and another upon the Rhine; both in a very inflated style. M. Weichert afterwards speaks of Titius Septimius, quoted by Horace as a lyric and a tragic poet. It is evident, from the judgment pronounced upon him by Horace, that from that period began to grow the faults by which the style of Seneca was disfigured. The subject of the last dissertation is Jarbita, the rival of Timagenes. This Timagenes was a rhetorician of Alexandria. Jarbita is a fictitious name, substituted for Cordus or Cogrus.—The book is full of exceedingly ingenious remarks; many ancient passages are explained in it; and the whole will be of great assistance to philologists, who are already so much indebted to M. Weichert.—*Revue Encyclopédique.*

The Bridal Night, the First Poet, and other Poems. By Dugald Moore. 8vo. pp. 246. Glasgow, 1831. Blackie, Fullarton, and Co.

THE Abbé de Voisenon was one day listening to a friend who took a friend's privilege of reading a MS. to him. The author had evidently perused the best writers in the language, and profited by them. As the tragedy proceeded, the abbé kept bowing: almost every passage called forth a fresh bow. "What the devil," at last exclaimed the impatient poet, "do you mean by your bows?" "Nay," exclaimed the malicious listener, "one must be polite: you would not have me pass old acquaintances without bowing?" We make our bows to Lord Byron, Shelley, &c.; and leave to Mr. Dugald Moore the application of the story.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR. BRITTON delivered an excellent lecture on ancient domestic architecture; but as we have already given reports of similar discourses at the London Institution, a general enquiry may here stand us in the stead of a detailed notice.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

SIR HENRY HALFORD, Bart. the president, in the chair. This meeting was not less numerous attended than the preceding ones. Dr. Francis Hawkins, the registrar, read a

paper, in which Dr. Roupell, physician to the floating hospital moored off Greenwich, described, in a very clear and forcible manner, the symptoms of a peculiar fever which raged in that institution in the spring of this year. The disorder was characterised by a very severe affection of the head and nervous system, and was accompanied in many instances by the appearance of a rash. So excessive was the affection of the head, that even where consciousness was not destroyed, memory was often entirely lost. Many of the patients doubted their identity; and one who fancied he had died, when questioned as to his reason, asked, "if he lived, why he did not feel?" Although many fell victims to the severity of the disorder, yet considering the intensity of its symptoms, the mortality was hardly so great as might have been expected. Dissection always disclosed the effects of inflammation of the brain, still the disorder, so far from being cured, was often aggravated by bleeding; and more benefit was derived from a cautious use of stimulants and anodynes.

A paper was afterwards read by the president himself, which excited very considerable interest, for it detailed the results of his great experience in the treatment of gout. For the cure of this painful disorder, he declared his dependence to be placed upon colchicum. From a *proper* use of the vinous infusion of the root of this plant, he stated that he had never seen any but the best effects to arise; and when the mode of administering this medicine, and thereby cutting short the attack of gout, is followed up by the use also of the acetous extract of the same root, he does not think that the intervals between the attacks are shorter than they used to be formerly, when the complaint was left to patience and flannel. But granting, for argument's sake, that they are shorter, yet the weight of three or four attacks of the disorder, of three or four days' continuance each, is scarcely to be compared with the pressure of a six weeks' painful confinement in the spring, and one of equal duration at the latter end of the year. The president mentioned that he had been at pains to procure from Constantinople some of the hermodactyls which are sold there; and are thought to be the same root as was recommended for the cure of gout so long ago as the sixth century, by Alexander of Tralles. Some specimens of the hermodactyl, and others of the colchicum bulb, were placed on the table, and they appeared to be exactly similar. The president explained also the means which he was in the habit of recommending for the prevention of gout. But he attached still greater importance to the patient's management of himself with respect to temperance and early hours: and with the same view he cited the authority of Hippocrates, Celsus, and Pliny, in commendation of that virtue which has been called by the latter writer "*sanctitas*."

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

SINCE our first notice of the opening of this highly interesting institution, several works of great ingenuity have been added to the collection; though the exhibition is far from complete, owing to the candidates for public favour neglecting to forward such inventions as they have announced for this year's exhibition. There are various agricultural implements, as chaff-cutters, mills, pressing-rollers, &c., of considerable merit. We also observe some very beautiful specimens of muslin and silk fabrics, proving that our manufacturers are now capable of successfully competing with

those of Indian or of French manufacture. In the Nottingham or lace manufacture, too, there are some exquisitely beautiful examples of art, eminently worthy of the notice of the fair visitors to this national gallery. Among the foreign curiosities is a sort of silk, said to be manufactured from the hair of the Cashmere goat, but in reality from the shearings of French poodle dogs.

Among the various works of utility, we must not omit to mention a full-sized billiard-table, constructed of cast iron—a complete triumph of art in the department of iron manufacture. The most extraordinary feature in this table, as a work of art, is the great extent of surface, nine feet by six—fifty-four square feet of iron worked perfectly horizontal, for without perfection in this respect, it could not answer the purpose intended. However fine the large mirrors may be ground, it is well known that they are seldom, if ever, perfect planes when of a large size; this double slab of cast iron is, however, said to be perfect in this respect. The table has been planed by means of machinery erected for the purpose, and a series of parallel grooves being worked throughout the whole extent of the plates in the first instance, like the process of copperplate engraving, these grooves are afterwards worked in cross directions till the entire surface is perfectly plane.

THE COURSE OF THE NIGER.

THE discovery of the termination of the course of the Niger, upon which we promised last week to offer some geographical remarks, will be of the greatest importance to geography, to our political power, and to civilisation.

With regard to geography, perhaps the contradiction which was afforded by the various sources whence we derived our knowledge of the character of the interior of Africa, and of the course of, next to the Nile, the most renowned, and, as was considered from the same accounts, the greatest river of that country, have in late times given unlimited zest in the pursuit of further information, and has not in the least detracted from the pleasure with which we find that we are indebted to our countrymen for the solution of this all-absorbing problem. It appears, that among the ancients many facts connected with the geography of the interior of Africa were well known, which have still been an object of discussion among the moderns; and of these, we may enumerate the occurrence of a large lake or marsh (for it is either, at different seasons of the year), whose real existence, beyond the speculations of geographers, was very unsatisfactorily established, until the journey of Denham and Clapperton; and the fact of the occurrence of a great river in the west, emptying itself into the ocean, though many were of opinion that it lost itself in an inland marsh, or in the desert, while others supported the opinion of its identity with the Nile of the Egyptians. The researches of Ptolemy and the Arabian geographers on the Nile of the Negroes, and in later times the travels of Leo Africanus, who was a Moor of Grenada, demonstrated the absurdity of this opinion; and how extraordinary that, in the boasted perfection of human intellect, it should have been broached several centuries afterwards, and that the barometric levellings of Bruce should have been necessary to enforce conviction! It is not at all improbable that Hanno, the Carthaginian, as advanced by Macqueen, reached the Bight of Benin, or of Biafra; and certainly the geographical information obtained on these countries by Herodotus and Edrisi was more accurate

than the speculations of many modern geographers.

Observation had demonstrated to the moderns that no large river emptied itself into the ocean on the north-west coast, though it required a more accurate acquaintance with the Senegal and the Gambia before it was fully ascertained that they were not the outlets of this great stream. The progress of navigation along the south-eastern shores of Africa also shewed that no large river emptied itself into the sea along that coast; while the settlements of the Portuguese on the coast to the south of Cape Lopez, led them, at an early period, to adopt the opinion afterwards supported by Mungo Park and Mr. Barrow, that one or more of the rivers in their vicinity were the outlets of the great river of the interior of Africa. Two celebrated geographers, D'Anville and Major Rennell, however, espoused the theory of the waters emptying themselves into the Wangara, or great marsh; which argument underwent various modifications in the hands of different geographers; and though the probability of its emptying itself into the Gulf of Guinea had been pointed out on the continent, and vigorously supported in this country, an expedition was fitted out to explore the Congo or Zaire, which, though unfortunate to the individuals concerned, was yet satisfactory in a geographical point of view, and demonstrated that the rivers south of Cape Lopez were not the outlets of the waters of the Niger, and gave origin to a speculation which partook of all the characters of a romance of the desert, beneath the sands of which its author buried the gigantic stream, loaded with the waters of the Wangara or Lake Tchad, to make it flow into the Mediterranean at the Syrtis of the ancients.

In the history of geography there are no examples of greater perseverance and courageous determination than in the efforts made to triumph over the difficulties presented in the solution of this important question. Since 1815, there has scarcely a year passed in which a new attempt has not been made; and of these, if we recede a little farther back, twenty-five were made by our countrymen, fourteen by Frenchmen, two by Americans, and one by a German; of which but a small number, since the days of Houghton, have not fallen victims to their heroic devotion.

Mungo Park first observed the direction of the stream which had become as much an object of discussion as its termination; and, strange to say, after the present discovery, it will, in some parts of its course, still remain so. The unfortunate traveller just alluded to, previous to his descent of the river, obtained some information from Moors and from negroes, on its course by Timbuctoo. The Jinnie of Park is synonymous with Jenné, Ginfé, Dhjenné, of other writers, as Jenné has again been confounded with Kano or Kanno. It may be a figurative term—for the Jinnie of Park was on an island, as was the Jenné of the Moorish reports, while the Jenné of some travellers is at a short distance from the river. This cannot be the case with regard to Timbuctoo, which is visited by caravans twice a year from Morocco; nor is the name met with any where, except the two first syllables in the town of Timbo, which cannot be mistaken for Timbuctoo.

Major Laing had discovered the source of the Niger to be in the mountains of Loma, in 9° 15' west latitude, and had ascertained its course for a short distance from its source. We were also aware of the existence of one or two streams joining the great river, or branching

from it near Timbuctoo. De Lisle had marked a river Gambarra, on his maps drawn up for Louis XV., and not without good authority. This is the river coming from Houssa; and the Joliba of modern travellers is a river, we could prove, from the concurring testimony of a variety of sources, coming from the north-west, and joining its waters with, that is to say flowing into, the Niger, in the immediate neighbourhood of Timbuctoo; still at that point the Kowarra, or Quorra of the Moors, or Quolla of the negroes, who always change the *r* for *l*; a name which, according to Laing, it has at its sources—according to Clapperton, it preserves beyond Timbuctoo, and is probably still the name of the same stream at its embouchure in the Bight of Biafra. The Quarrama is another tributary stream which passes by Saccatoo, and falls into the Quorra above Youri, and above the point where Mungo Park was wrecked; and the line of country between this river and the Shashum, comprising the hills of Doochee, of Naro, and of Dull, is the line of water-shed to the rivers joining the Quorra on the one hand, and those emptying themselves into the Wangara on the other. The course given by Sultan Bello, and the information obtained by Major Denham, both pointed out a river coursing to the east, which is probably the branch followed by the Landers; for its termination in Lake Tchad had not even an air of probability; though it is not, on the other hand, at all improbable that other branches empty themselves into the Bight of Benin, by the rivers Formosa or Volta, according to information given to Captain Clapperton and Major Laing.

We had intended to embody some remarks upon the pretended journey of Caillié; but we find we have already occupied too much space in details necessary to make the geographical nature of the question well understood; and we shall content ourselves with remarking, that the discovery of the termination of the Quorra, or Niger, tends to throw a degree of improbability upon the narrative of that individual, which it will require much ingenuity to explain away. It is certain that the latitude given to Timbuctoo by the editor of those travels, and upon which sufficient ridicule has already been thrown in the Edinburgh Geographical Journal, may be considered as an error entirely of the editor's, who, by taking it upon himself, will relieve the burden of the mistake from the traveller, and thus lighten the weighty doubts which might in consequence bear upon the remainder of the details; for the situation of that city, as given by Jomard, is quite inconsistent with the situation it must be in, from the ascertained source, direction, and termination of the river. There can be no doubt but that a portion of the labours presented to the public as the travels of Caillié are founded upon valid documents, wherever obtained, and probably most of the errors are those of the editor. But though authorities can be found in support of the division of the Quorra into two branches; one of which, the Joliba, flows to the north-west, and the other in an almost opposite direction,—a fact which has no analogy in geography, and, what is better, no existence in nature; yet no authority can be found for placing Timbuctoo on a river flowing north from the Niger.

The details which will be given to us by the results of this successful expedition will, then, not only be of assistance in allaying the existing condition of things with the knowledge of the ancients, but it will enable us to reduce to a few facts the many contradictory statements

which have originated in the variety of the sources of information, and the individual and national rivalry which the interest of the question gave birth to among the geographers of the present day. It will also be of importance, as it was connected with a great question, as to the possibility of a large river traversing an extensive continent, or losing itself in a marsh or lake, or being buried in the extensive sands of the desert. By laying open the interior of Africa to us, it will increase our political strength and commercial advantages on those coasts;—it will enable us to put into practice an amelioration long contemplated by Mr. Barrow, in the choice of our settlements on those coasts;—it will place the greatest and most important vent of the barbarous and inhuman traffic of negroes in our possession; and it will enable us to diffuse the benefits of superior intelligence among an ignorant and suffering people.

PORTABLE INK CAKE.

We consider it due to the inventors of this new and useful composition to notice it among the discoveries in art of the present day, as we have no doubt, from the specimen of it, which we have seen and tried, that it will be found of very great service in every situation where fluid writing ink cannot be conveniently carried or preserved. It is similar in appearance to Indian ink, but has no opaque or earthy substance in its composition; and when diluted or rubbed down with water, possesses all the qualities of the best fluid writing inks. The condensation of these qualities seems to be the principle upon which it is made, and as its solid form prevents the powers of the substances used from being affected by the influence of climate, we should think that it supplies a great desideratum, not merely to travellers, but to all residents in warm countries, where fluid ink is so speedily rendered unserviceable by the climate. Its great recommendations are, its extremely neat and portable form, and the ease with which it is at once converted into ink, in small quantities, for instant use, by the addition of a few drops of water. We believe that the inventor of it (Mr. Morrison, secretary to the Literary and Antiquarian Society of Perth) was originally led to give his attention to the improvement of writing inks, from the opportunities he possessed of examining and comparing ancient manuscripts, and that this ink cake is the result of a series of experiments, in number almost unexampled in the history of the arts.

ROOFING:—ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL.

Our attention has been attracted to a new kind of roof, (secured by patent to a Mr. Carter*), which has been employed in covering the portico of St. George's Hospital, lately erected. It consists of cast-iron plates, so constructed as to resemble the ancient Greek tile, and has a very fine architectural effect. The plates lap over each other; but we can convey no idea of the structure without the aid of the engraver; and can only state, that the contrivance appears to be very ingenious as well as useful. Some of the plates have perforations for glass, combined with contrivances to prevent the intrusion of wet, and to extend the proportion of sky-light. The specimen is well seen from Hyde Park, near the statue of Achilles; and we recommend it to notice as a novelty and improvement in art.

* A builder of Exeter, we believe.

OCCULTATION OF JUPITER AND HIS SATELLITES.

JUNE 1 (Thursday morning)*.—This beautiful phenomenon occurred under as favourable circumstances as could be expected from the low altitude of the Moon and planet at the time of occultation. The following were the observations:—At 13^h 7^m 13^s (clock time) the rate of motion of Jupiter, as it closely approached the Moon's bright limb, appeared to be retarded, and for two or three seconds arrested; its disc then gradually disappeared, preserving a dark fringe or penumbra, which separated the planet from the illuminated edge of the Moon, as though the contact was not complete. This appearance continued till nearly the final immersion of the planet at 13^h 8^m 30^s. Owing to the vapours of the horizon, the edge of the Moon was tremulous, and the disc of Jupiter not well defined: the same cause prevented any observation of the immersion of the sate-

lites. All the emersions were satisfactorily observed. The fourth satellite emerged from behind the Moon's dark limb at 14^h 0^m 23^s; the second at 14^h 11^m 49^s; the western limb of Jupiter then re-appeared at 14^h 13^m 27^s, and the whole disc was uneclipsed at 14^h 15^m 11^s; the first satellite afterwards became visible at 14^h 17^m 56^s; and, finally, the third at 14^h 23^m 21^s: the belts of Jupiter were visible, and no anomalous appearance was observed at the emersions. The appearance of nature, after the occultation, was singularly tranquil and impressive: the brilliant planet Jupiter on the obscure margin of the pale waning moon, the sky entirely free from clouds, and the fixed stars fading away in the morning twilight; the atmosphere was remarkably serene, and, though so very early, the lark was already on the wing "towards heaven's gates," hailing with its lively melody the dawning day.

Depford.

J. T. B.

* See *Lit. Gaz.* Celestial Phenomena for this month.

RAMMOHUN ROY.

As the insertion of the engraving of this celebrated individual at the end of the article in which it is referred to, would have interfered with our Review, we have preferred placing it here.



Rammohun Roy

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

SIR ASTLEY COOPER, Bart., V.P., in the chair. A paper was read, entitled, "On the fossil bones found in caverns in the Mendip Hills in Somersetshire," by the Rev. David Williams. The communication was illustrated

by a variety of very curious specimens of the bones, consisting of human remains of the Celtic aborigines, portions of the jaws of the hyæna, molar teeth of the elephant and rhinoceros. Contrasted with these were some exceedingly delicate specimens of molar teeth, incisors, jaws, &c. of the rodentia and cheiroptera. Mr. Williams inferred, from a variety of circumstances,

that the tiger, elephant, hyena, and bear (*ursus spelæus*)—remains of which were exhibited—had all lived and died in this country at some remote period. Dr. Brewster and Professor Jamieson presented their respective Journals. Several other scientific works were presented to the Society; and two fellows were elected.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. AMYOTT in the chair. Mr. Cope exhibited a drawing of a font, and other remains of antiquity, at Mellor, in Derbyshire. Mr. Kempe communicated some letters, part of a selection from the Loseley MSS. intended for publication, relative to Dr. Donne's clandestine marriage with Ann, daughter of Sir Geo. More, of Loseley, in 1600-1. It appears the lady's father was highly incensed at the marriage; and Donne being secretary to Sir Thomas Egerton, lord keeper, who had married Sir Geo. More's sister, Sir George complained bitterly against him; and the lord keeper not only dismissed poor Donne from his situation, but also committed him to the Fleet; and Christopher Brooke, who appears to have been a barrister on the northern circuit, and gave the lady away, was committed to the Marshalsea,—as one of the letters was from Brooke to Sir Thomas Egerton, praying his release, and urging that he was a great loser by being prevented from attending the assizes at York. The other letters were from Donne to his father-in-law and the lord keeper, supplicating their mercy, and extremely well indited. One of Donne's letters, while in confinement, to his wife, was signed John Donne, Anne Donne, *undone*; and Mr. Kempe observed, that Donne's name was certainly pronounced *Dun*; for in his own letter he spells the participle past of the verb *do*, *donne*; and the sentence confirming his marriage spells the name uniformly Dunn. It appears from Mr. Kempe's commentary on the letters, that Donne was afterwards received into favour, and entered the church; that the king invited him to court, and made him dean of St. Paul's; that he lost his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached; and that a few days before his death, he consented to be stripped and dressed in his grave clothes, and stood on an urn carved in wood, to have his likeness taken for his monument, which was, after his death, executed accordingly; and among a few mutilated remains of the former cathedral of St. Paul's, his monument is still preserved in the crypt under the present structure.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Fifth Notice.]

THE apartment distinguished by the name of "the Antique Academy" presents its usual *olla podrida* of art. Although there is nothing very *piquant* in the general character of the entertainment, we imagine there are few visitors who will not find something to their taste. The drawings, enameled, and miniatures, notwithstanding the overwhelming spread of canvases above and around, are by far the most attractive part of the show.

No. 458. *His late Majesty George the Fourth; enamel, after the original in the possession of Lord Stewart de Rothsay, by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.* H. Bone, R.A.—"O king, live for ever!" would be a wish of probable accomplishment applied to this effigy of royalty, rendered invulnerable to the shafts of time by the vivifying process of enamel-painting. It is one of the most splendid specimens of ena-

mel portrait we remember to have seen from the hand of the artist, practised and skilful as it is. Mr. Bone has two other fine works: No. 464, *His Majesty William the Fourth, after the original by A. Morton, Esq.*; and No. 455, *F. Chantrey, Esq. R.A., after the original by John Jackson, Esq. R.A.*

No. 448. *Elgin Marble, from a drawing by H. Corbould, engraved for the Trustees of the British Museum.* W. Bromley, A.E.—A beautifully executed portion of a work, the parts of which, however, appear to "come like angel visits, few and far between."

No. 464, *Enamel Portrait of her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland, painted from the original picture by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.*; and No. 463, *Enamel of Venus disarming Cupid, painted from the original picture by W. Hilton, Esq. R.A.*, both by W. Essex, are very successful imitations of the admirable originals.

No. 471, *Portrait of a Lady*; No. 475, *Portraits of the Right Hon. the Ladies Georgiana and Louisa Russell*; and No. 478, *Portrait of the Right Hon. Lady Wriothesley Russell.* A. E. Chalon, R.A.—This bevy of beauties exhibits the taste and skill of the artist in an eminent degree: not so No. 604, *Portrait of a Lady*; in which the ultra of fashion in the head-gear appears to us to be highly absurd. Is Mr. Chalon unacquainted with the privileges of his profession, which entitle him to conceal or correct such deformities?

"What in a picture greatly would offend,
The painter throws discreetly into shade."

Why does he not follow the example of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was accustomed to attack his sitter's head with a pencil-stick, and to destroy in one instant the hideous edifice which the hair-dresser had been for hours constructing?

No. 484, *Harold's Body discovered after the Battle of Hastings, by Edith Swaneshalls and two Monks*; No. 493, *Mary Magdalen seeing the two Angels in the Sepulchre*; and No. 598, *A Greek Soldier, from the highest accessible [accessible] Rock, pointing out to a Woman the long-sought yet distant Sea, during the Retreat of the Ten Thousand.* G. Jones, R.A.—Drawings which prove how well suited Mr. Jones's talents are to the illustration of history. The last-mentioned, in particular, is strikingly original, and full of interest.

No. 578. *The Idolatrous destroyed while sacrificing—a Composition from the 25th chapter of the Book of Numbers.* G. Smith.—Artists more frequently shew their skill in execution than their judgment in the selection of a subject. We can scarcely imagine a worse choice in that respect than the present, which is calculated for the contemplation of the mind, not of the eye. The performance is, however, far from being deficient in merit as regards both colouring and effect.

No. 465, *Strasburgh*; No. 476, *Venice*; and No. 596, *A Fisherman of Honfleur.* C. Stanfield.—There is no great range in either of the views; that of "Venice," indeed, is next to nothing; being simply a study of a very confined, although a highly picturesque part of the city. The "Fisherman," like Mr. Stanfield's other drawings, is characterised by truth and simplicity, rather than by any gaudy shew of colour.

No. 472. *Composition of Flowers, from Studies after Nature.* G. Sintzenich.—Taste in arrangement, purity of tone, and exquisite delicacy of finish, are the distinguishing qualities of this charming little gem.

No. 474, *Greta-Hall, Keswick Lake, the*

Residence of R. Southey, Esq.; No. 479, *Rydal Mount, the Residence of William Wordsworth, Esq.* W. Westall, A.—These drawings, with reference both to nature and to art, are beautiful in themselves; but their interest is greatly increased by their connexion with two such highly gifted and celebrated men.

No. 523. *Portrait of Mrs. Hardwick.* D. M'Clise.—A brilliant performance. We hope, however, that whenever the painter purchases an estate with the well-earned produce of his talents and industry, he will not be satisfied with so defective a title. Instead of the simple portrait of an individual, this is a composition of several eminently graceful figures. How is it, by-the-by, that Mr. M'Clise has been so unhandsonly treated this year? Of five exceedingly clever productions, all, especially No. 480, *Portrait of Viscount Castlereagh*, executed in that free and masterly style which, without the appearance of labour, gives every requisite of character and effect—not one has been placed in even a tolerable situation. The academicians cannot plead ignorance of this young artist's name and merits, for he has recently carried off two of their medals.

No. 503. *An Italian Scene.* T. M. Baynes.—Whether this is a local view or a composition we know not; but it is one of the most fascinating drawings in the Exhibition.

No. 537. *Portraits of Sir Richard Sutton, Bart. and his Hounds, with Portraits of Gentlemen of the Lincoln Hunt, &c.* J. Furneely.—The rules of composition can scarcely be expected or applied in subjects of this kind. It is enough if the figures spread themselves on the canvass as they may be supposed to do in the field; and this, we think, has been effected with great skill by Mr. Furneely. The whole presents a lively and animated scene.

No. 576. *Portrait of Mrs. Bray, authoress of Fitz of Fitz-Ford, the Talba, &c.* W. Paten.—There is in this portrait a sentiment which evidently belongs to the character of the individual—at once pleasing and unaffected; independent of which, it is praiseworthy as a work of art, being well composed, and carefully painted.

No. 574. *The Dropping Well at Knaresborough, Yorkshire.* G. Nicholson.—It is not often that a natural phenomenon is a subject of pictorial interest. Mr. Nicholson's drawing presents us with both.

No. 579, *Morning—Kentish Boatmen saving the Cargo of a Wreck*; No. 590, *View of the Second Cataract of the Nile, taken from the Western Bank.* H. Parke.—These drawings have a lightness and clearness in their execution which would recommend them, without reference to the interest of their subjects.

No. 591, *Portrait of D. Ewes Coke, Esq.*; No. 605, *Portrait of his Grace the Duke of Rutland.* O. Oakley.—Whole-length portraits, executed in a style highly creditable to Mr. Oakley's talents.

No. 608. *The Villager.* T. George.—A beautiful subject finely expressed.

No. 610. *Portraits of a Lady and Child.* C. R. Bone.—Elegant and simple; as is also No. 502, *Portrait of Miss Parry*, by the same rapidly rising artist.

No. 544. *The Cactus Speciosissima, &c.* V. Bartholomew.—Mr. Bartholomew has on former occasions greatly distinguished himself in this department of art, not only by his accurate botanical delineations, but by his skilful introduction of incidental accessories, giving a value to his compositions beyond that of the mere character of the flowers themselves. His present work is no way inferior to any of its

predecessors. Among other able productions of a similar description will be found, No. 589, *Hollyhocks*—the *Adelaide*, the *Victoria*, and other Varieties, Mrs. Pope; No. 539, *Study of Geraniums from Nature*, Mrs. Withers; No. 553, *Flowers from Nature*, Magdalena van Fowinkel; No. 566, *A Garland of Flowers*, Madame de Comolera; No. 575, *Flowers from Nature*, C. L. Tyler, &c. &c. &c.

Among the miniatures, clustered as they are, without any margin to confine the vision, works will, nevertheless, be found, exhibiting as many of the essential qualities of art as performances of larger size and loftier pretensions. A few of the most prominent of these are—No. 658, F. Cruickshank; No. 667, A. Robertson; No. 672, S. J. Rochard; No. 674, W. J. Newton; No. 673, Mrs. J. Robertson; No. 679, W. C. Ross; No. 681, G. Patten; No. 689, C. R. Bone; No. 715, Mrs. Green; No. 722, W. J. Newton; No. 731, W. J. Newton; No. 740, Mrs. Robertson; No. 753, A. Parsey; No. 809, Miss Jones; No. 824, W. C. Ross; No. 825, A. E. Chalon, R.A.; No. 833, Mrs. J. Robertson; No. 841, F. Cruickshank; No. 842, A. E. Chalon, R.A.; No. 853, Mrs. Green; No. 872, A. Robertson; No. 878, W. C. Ross; No. 887, M. Houghton; No. 831, A. Robertson; No. 895, S. J. Rochard; Nos. 912 and 931, Miss Fanny Corbaux, &c. &c. &c.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

National Portrait Gallery. With Memoirs by W. Jerdan, Esq. Part XXVI. Fisher, Son, and Co.

THIS Part is enriched with portraits of the King, Lord Exmouth, and Dr. Gray, bishop of Bristol. It has appeared too late for us to give any detailed notice; but we must quote an original and very characteristic anecdote of his Majesty, illustrative of his frankness and good humour.

"The Andromeda reached the harbour of Port Royal after dusk, and H. R. H., with her first lieutenant (the late admiral of the fleet and master of the robes, Sir Charles Pole, Bart.), proceeded in his barge to the shore. They immediately, in their uniforms, entered the public rooms; and the new comer, the captain of one of his majesty's ships, was good-humouredly greeted by the military, and played several games of billiards with the officers. After some inquiries, he requested his antagonist, the colonel-commandant, to have the goodness to parade his regiment at daylight, as he wished to inspect it! The astonishment of the request coming from a captain of the navy, was only equalled by the surprise when, on explanation, it was discovered from whom it originated!"

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

THE revival of *Blue Beard* has followed that of *Timour the Tartar*. There is a spice of George Colman the younger in *Blue Beard*, which reconciles us to its occasional appearance at our theatres royal. But it is really time that the insufferable bombast and commonplace melo-dramatic incidents of *Timour* should be banished to the Surrey side of the water, to keep company with those of the *Blood-red Knight*, and the rest of the species. We are not of those who object to spectacle at the great theatres, but we object to see it lavished on such unworthy vehicles, while the best plays of our best writers are frequently performed with dresses and scenery that would disgrace a barn. The only novelty at this house has been a one-act piece, a translation from *Napoléon à l'École*

de Brienne, and called *The Little Corporal*. It was produced on Monday, for Mr. Wallack's benefit; and had not the occasion itself been sufficient to propitiate the audience, the excellent acting of little Miss Poole, who bids fair to rival our long-loved Clara Fisher, must have obtained their most favourable suffrages. Young Fenton, whose acting in *The Jenkinses* had previously deserved our commendation, managed to distinguish himself amongst his brother juveniles, and the piece was announced for repetition by the tiny *Napoléon* amidst general applause.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE theatre was brilliantly attended on Tuesday night; but certainly the name of the gifted author was one "to conjure with." Young as Mrs. Norton is, she has already a high and varied reputation. Her touching and melancholy poetry contrasts well with her lively and keen wit; while her one or two prose stories give promise of very superior excellence indeed. A drama of her's might well attract both the discerning few and the curious many. The *Gipsy Father* was received, and given out for repetition with friendly applause. Still, we must say we do not think this piece likely to keep possession of the stage: the horrors are gratuitous and accumulated, while the whys and wherefores are very deficient. Is the hint taken from any German story? for the whole is of that German school of exaggeration, to which young writers are so much addicted. A brief analysis of the plot will shew these defects. Reduced to the extreme of poverty, with his wife and family starving at his side, *Walter Barwell* joins a band of gipsies, from one of whom he obtains half a loaf, which he immediately returns to divide among his children. While they are devouring the welcome food, an old man, the father of his wife, eats a piece of it. *Walter* starts up in a rage, reproaches the grandfather with robbing the poor infants of their meal, and prepares forthwith to thrust him out of the house. This the wife opposes; and finding she is overcome in the struggle to protect her father, snatches up a knife, and stabs her husband, who falls apparently dead on the stage. We must pause one moment on this out-Heroding Kotzebue himself. First, the extreme improbability of *Walter's* turning the old man out of his house; secondly, the equal improbability of the violent conduct. To continue the story:—the son, in a most melo-dramatic spirit of self-sacrifice, takes the crime upon himself, and is hurried before judge *Franklin*, between whose daughter and himself an attachment subsists. This leads to two very-well-worked-up scenes; the one where *Rose Franklin* offers to fly with her lover,—and where she endeavours to prevail on her father to permit his escape; she using arguments drawn from the feelings, while he answers them with reasons. The dénouement may be easily guessed. The father has not been really killed, and the curtain drops on embraces, joy, and reconciliation. We do not very clearly see why the play should be called the *Gipsy Father*, as the gipsies have nothing to do with it, beyond giving the unfortunate half loaf of bread. The sympathy of the Londoners for poaching is very amusing; and all the fine feelings of the cocknies were enlisted against the game laws, by *Walter Barwell's* declaration, that all his misery originated in having killed a hare. Poaching, smuggling, and forging, are crimes which immediately appeal to the feelings. Objectionable and faulty as the *Gipsy Father* is, there are parts both good

in themselves, and good for their future promise. Mrs. Norton has genius, varied and original, and too good to be Germanised. The piece was exceedingly well supported. Warde both played and looked his character admirably. Miss Ellen Tree made a very sweet *Rose Franklin*; and Keeley was most laughable in the village apothecary, who preferred Epsom salts to Epsom races. We wish we could afford higher praise; but we cannot; and have only abstained from harsher censure because we would not add one to the *Sorrows of Rosalie*.

VARIETIES.

Printers' Pension Society.—The anniversary dinner on Wednesday was more numerously attended, and the subscription larger, than on any preceding occasion: a proof that this truly excellent charity, though yet in its infancy, is growing into the importance it so well deserves to attain. The Lord Mayor presided, and announced the gratifying fact, that the Duke of Sussex had consented to become the patron of the institution. That it already relieves, by small pensions, the distress of more than fifty aged and almost worn-out individuals, whose lives have been passed in active industry upon the press, is, indeed, a sufficient recommendation of it, not only to the many, but to nobles and princes.

The Literary Fund.—We are afraid we may have misled some of our friends, and the friends of this institution, by stating, that the Greenwich, &c. White-Bait Meeting, was to take place on the 21st. Wednesday, the 22d, is, we observe from our notice to attend, the day appointed, and we are glad to add, that a numerous assemblage is anticipated.

Royal Society of Literature.—The newspapers have begun discussing the presumed withdrawal of the royal bounty from this Society: as they are but indifferently informed on the subject, they had better, perhaps, have left it to its own issue.

Paganini.—The debut of this famed violinist was to take place, and we dare say did take place, long after our *Gazette* went to press: of course we can make no report of it this week. All we can say is, that the theatre yesterday bid fair to be crammed; and that at the private rehearsal on Thursday evening, every person connected with the establishment was carefully excluded, and the key carried to Signor Paganini. From one of our greatest musicians in the orchestra on this occasion, we learn that the performances were indeed surprising!!

The Malthusian System suspended.—Among the many curious returns to the population papers on Monday, there was one in Sloane Street probably unique. The return gave twenty-four females, ladies, servants, &c. in one house. A rather whimsical dialogue ensued between the maid and the astonished collector. "What!" cried the latter, looking over the paper, "twenty-four women all in one house, and no man among ye?" "Yes, sir," replied Sally, "it is too true; but mistress has set it down as if upon oath, and I am ready (a sigh!) to take my oath too, if you doubt it."

Decidedly the worst Pun ever made.—A bitter hater of puns, who had been persecuted during a whole afternoon by a pestiferous fellow who never ceased making them, at last declared, in wrath, that puns were worse than the plagues of Egypt. "For example," said his tormentor, "speaking of the plagues of Egypt, what do you think, the other day, when I rode to the Fair? O! they took Toll of me!"

Panorama of Bombay.—We have just had a glance at the new Panorama of Bombay, in Leicester Square, and have been much delighted with it. The subject is finely adapted for panoramic effects. The sea and shore blend excellently together. The noble pillar of the vegetable world, the palm-tree, is a striking object; and native and European groups give animation to the scene. The distant hills are wonderfully picturesque in form; and the islands which stud the water, the shipping, &c. &c. combine beautifully into a harmonious whole. To East Indians this view must be most attractive; but, indeed, it has powerful claims upon the admiration of every lover of art. We had almost forgotten to say, that the house whence Sterne's celebrated Mrs. Draper eloped, is one of the most prominent parts of the picture.

Monkeys at the Egyptian Hall.—Two monkeys, stated to be, the one from Borneo, and the other from the western coast of Africa, and nevertheless, according to the bills of the day, both *orang outangs*, are now exhibiting in London. We went to see them without instruments to determine their facial angles—but are nevertheless strongly disposed to consider the male individual, of about two feet six inches in height, with long black hair, as the chimpanzee (*troglodytes niger* of St. Hilaire). Of the other we are not so sure; the small size of the ears seems to forbid her association with the pongos, or true *orang outangs*. Her large head, diminutive height, red hair, and thoughtful aspect, remind us of the red *orang*, or *simia satyrus* of Linnaeus, which is considered by some authors as the young of the pongo; but the animal at the Egyptian Hall is not so young, and has well-defined eyebrows. The animals are well worthy of the attention of naturalists, and are in a good condition. They are supposed to be about three years old—equivalent to about eight years in man.

* The male is very remarkable, from having large ears, and the lobes distinctly marked; which we never saw in any animal except the human.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXXIII. June 4.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Southey's British Poets, from Chaucer to Jonson, 8vo. 1l. 10s. cloth.—Aikin's British Poets, from Jonson to Beattie, 8vo. 18s. cloth.—Merle's Odds and Ends, with Illustrations by G. Cruikshank, 8vo. 2s. cloth.—McCulloch's System of Geology, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 12s. bds.—Syme on Dissected Joints, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. 19 (Brewster's Treatise on Optics), fcp. 6s. bds.—A Father's Recollections of Three Pious Young Ladies, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Locking's Historical Gleanings of the Field of Naseby, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Roscoe's Novelist's Library, No. 11. (De Foe's Robinson Crusoe, Vol. 3), fcp. 5s. boards.—Aldine Poets, Vol. 13 (Pope, Vol. 1), 12mo. 5s. bds.—Bojardo's Orlando Innamorato, by Panizzi, Vol. 5., crown 8vo. 12s. bds.—The Steamboat Companion, 12mo. 1s. sewed.—Philip Augustus, by the Author of Darnley, &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Arthur of Brittany, by the Author of The Templars, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—The Dangers and Duties of a Christian, by the Rev. Erskine Neale, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Kid's Picturesque River Companion to Margate, 12mo. 1s. 6d. sewed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have been satisfied by the evidence of our own eyes, that no alterations made in the Life of Lawrence by his friends were adopted: and with this we wish to dismiss a subject which has occupied more attention than it ought to have done.

We thank M. P. of Deal: the Ebboli lines were fully explained in a subsequent Gazette.

To "Topada,"—we do not think the narrative alluded to can find a proper medium; at any rate we cannot speak of an unseen MS.

We do not comprehend what Incoed means.

Pin Money, by the Author of *Memoirs of the Day*, seems characteristic; but was too late for this week.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The Eighth Exhibition for the Sale of Works of Living British Artists, is now open, at the Gallery, Pall Mall East, from Ten till Seven.
Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
J. WILSON, Secretary.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, is now open, at the Gallery, Pall Mall East, every day, from Nine till Dark.
Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.
CHARLES WILD, Secretary.

TO ARTISTS.—Fifth Annual Exhibition

of the Hants Picture Gallery, Southampton.
H. Buchan, Proprietor, informs Artists, that, in consequence of the British Gallery not closing till the 28th of May, Pictures will be received at the above Gallery till the 30th of June, instead of the 28th of May, as per Circular addressed to Artists.
All Works of Art sent by Messrs. Smith and Co's Waggon, from Gerard's Hall, Basing Lane, or the Spread Eagle, Piccadilly, will go free of expense.
If any reference is required, apply to Messrs. Rowley and Foster, 81, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street.

EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS to be

Engraved in LODGE'S PORTRAITS AND MEMOIRS OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES OF BRITISH HISTORY—Open Daily, at Messrs. Harding and Lepard's, No. 4, Pall Mall East, London.

Admission by Tickets only, which may be obtained on application, free of expense.

The great celebrity this work has acquired throughout the country, and the very high estimation to which it has been raised from the collection from which the engravings are executed, have led the proprietors to adopt the medium of a gratuitous public exhibition, to display in one collected view the whole series of illustrations proposed to be engraved in this work, elaborately executed and coloured, from the Galleries of his Majesty, the Nobility, and from the Public Collections, preparatory to commencing an entirely new edition, in Monthly Numbers, on the 1st of July, 1831; a Prospectus and Catalogue of which may be obtained gratis from every Bookseller in the Kingdom.

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FIFTY COMIC ENGRAVINGS (for

point, which cost the Proprietors Two Hundred and Fifty Guineas) will appear in Bell's Life in London and Sporting Chronicle, of Sunday, June 18th, 1831, price only Sevenpence. The "Comic Engravings" above alluded to, and which will appear in Bell's Life in London, on Sunday, the 18th of June, have been selected from the celebrated Series which has appeared in that Journal for the last five years, and embrace all those which have not already appeared in Bell's Life in London and Sporting Chronicle, as well as those which have been since published; together with some novelties in the same popular style. The original cost of the designing and engraving of these fifty humorous gms was five guineas each, making the gross total of two hundred and fifty guineas; the whole of which engravings may now be obtained for the trifling cost of sevenpence! They will occupy seven folio columns, and for the scrap-book or portfolio will furnish a source of laughter and amusement.

Titles of the Engravings.

- | | |
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| 2. Pilot on Shore | 27. The Siamese Twins |
| 3. Dr. Boius, or the Last Pill | 28. A Vision of Writals |
| 4. A Great Friend | 29. The Cruelty Van |
| 5. Othello's Occupation's gone | 30. "Ise Yorkshire too" |
| 6. As you like it | 31. Bird of a Feather |
| 7. School for Scandal | 32. "Music hath Charms" |
| 8. The Rivals | 33. A Long Debate |
| 9. Measure for Measure | 34. Greenwich Fair |
| 10. Where shall I dine? | 35. Rural Pleasures |
| 11. The Bottle Imp | 36. "I nose a Beak" |
| 12. Quaker in a Quandy | 37. Domestic Happiness |
| 13. Is he Jealous? | 38. Domestic Misery |
| 14. Every Man in his Humour | 39. A Jarvey |
| 15. Dennis and Deadensons | 40. A Hired of Lil-omen |
| 16. Raising the Wind | 41. "Kicking up a Dust" |
| 17. Love, Law, and Phylis | 42. "The Cat's Paws" |
| 18. Fancy Sketches. | 43. Love of Liqueur |
| 19. Aristocracy and Democracy | 44. Studies from Lavater. |
| 20. Hot and Cold | 45. A Sharp |
| 21. "Rubbing in" | 46. "What a bad Hat!" |
| 22. Students at the Bar | 47. A Tithe Pig |
| 23. Swing's Recreations | 48. Irish Whiskey |
| 24. Approaching Dissolution | 49. Scotch Whisky |
| 25. Boroughmonger Hall | 50. Jamaica Rum |
| 26. The Dog in Office. | |

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